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WARREN HARDING has, as he puts it, "revealed the hopeful anticipations of my mind and the trustful longings of my heart." That is just about what his speech-making and his statesmanship amount to. Unfortunately, trustful longings do not get a man or a nation very far. Mr. Harding's longings seem to direct themselves chiefly to a pathetic desire to please everybody. In Kansas, old home of prohibition, he catered to the dries; in St. Louis, where wet Germans abound, he was silent on the liquor issue, paying a pleasant but cautious tribute to the German Republic. He made an eloquent plea for a kindly light to lead us on to the World Court, but prefaced it with suggestions of reservations which will effectively scotch his own proposal to join the court. The poor dear man has painfully sought to be nice to everybody—to join the court without joining it, to pardon the political prisoners without letting them out of jail; he has praised the American farmer and painted a touching picture of his rise from frontier hardships—but without indorsing the farmers' proposals of remedies for their present poverty. He has kissed babies, driven a tractor (not a Ford tractor, as the New York *World's* correspondent observed), and beamed and smiled and shaken hands until his lips were sunburned and his hand swollen and inflamed. He has tried hard. But we suspect that he has not won a vote from Henry Ford or a supporter from Robert La Follette; the Western voter is in no mood to be content with the hopeful anticipations and trustful longings even of a presidential heart. He is, in fact, sick of soothing syrup.

POINCARE is budging, but it will be a sorry day for Europe if Stanley Baldwin agrees to cooperate with him before he has budged further. The French Premier, faced by Belgium's defection, a hostile Senate at home and a growing opposition in the Chamber, and defeats in by-elections, has modified his previous demands and is now ready to withdraw his soldiers from the Ruhr, maintaining only a civilian occupation, if the Germans will give up their passive resistance and agree to pay reparations. He has not yet made clear what he means by paying—he still talks in impossible terms—or what he means by civilian occupation. If he means a perpetuation of the slave regime which General Degoutte is trying to establish—he has decreed fifteen-year jail sentences for men who refuse to work for him—the Germans are hardly likely to accept it. Passive resistance is forcing a Power with unlimited troops at its command to compromise if not yet to yield. Two great dangers remain—that passive resistance will degenerate into guerrilla warfare, and that unemployment and hunger will bring about civil war.

BEFORE the next war, the next war code. You cannot start playing any game unless its rules have already been drawn up. So "the best combined thought" of an international commission of jurists, established under a resolution of the Washington Arms Conference, has formulated a code to regulate the use of radio and aircraft in warfare—a problem discussed by M. W. Royse in *The Nation* last May—and its recommendations are submitted for embodiment in treaties between the five great Powers. Here, then, is further occupation for the next session of a Senate that might otherwise find time hanging heavily on its hands. The adoption of the sixty-two articles proposed by the commission will doubtless clarify and settle, in many respects, the orthodox doctrine of what is reasonable, courteous, and humane treatment of your enemy. When the Great War broke out, for instance, the restrictions on the aerial bombardment of cities had to be inferred, by extension, from the laws of naval bombardment. Henceforth there will be chapter and verse in an authorized textbook to appeal to in any controversy whether such and such an air raid was justified. The new aircraft rules follow closely the lines of the old naval bombardment rules, and will probably be neither more nor less effective than they in protecting the civil population.

CONGRATULATIONS to the British Parliament and to Morpeth! A by-election in that constituency—which, in 1874, returned the first Labor member in the person of Thomas Burt—has strengthened the moral and intellectual caliber of the present House by the addition to it of Robert Smillie. Shunning publicity and averse to frequent speech, Mr. Smillie has gained his great influence by combining

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with his masterly knowledge and grasp of labor problems the rare gifts of sanity of judgment, sincerity, and simplicity. He worked in the pit in his youth, and today he still dwells inconspicuously among his own people, occupying a small cottage in the center of the Mid-Lanark mining district. His fidelity to conviction has stood many tests, notably the offer of a seat in Lloyd George's cabinet as food controller. His refusal so piqued the Premier that he attacked Robert Smillie by name in his sensational Old Kent Road speech at the 1918 election. But the group of Pliables that Lloyd George gathered around him could be no fitting company for the man who, on the introduction of conscription, had accepted election as the first president of the National Council for Civil Liberties. As a Labor spokesman whose internationalism springs not from emotion only but from knowledge and reason, Robert Smillie will contribute an element of special value to the parliamentary discussions of the European situation.

IF the agitation for a Federal anti-lynching bill had anything to do with the spirit shown by the county sheriff, the city firemen, and the State guardsmen in Savannah, Georgia, on June 20, then we hope that anti-lynching bills will be regularly debated at every session of Congress. A determined mob of 2,000 citizens attempted to storm the jail and lynch an eighteen-year-old Negro boy charged with rape. Sheriff Merrit W. Dixon collected a few deputies and warned the oncoming mob that the first man trying to enter the gate would be shot. The mob stood its ground. A sousing with fire hose still did not break it up. It hurled bricks and stones at the sheriff's party, and even shot at them. Finally a detachment of guardsmen firing over the heads of the mob dispersed it. One man was killed. At the request of Savannah's mayor the city was put under martial law, and the Negro boy is still safe in jail. It shows—as has been shown before—that a sheriff with red blood in his veins can maintain the dignity of his position and prevent a lynching despite the most embittered mob. Fifty members of the mob were arrested by the military authorities; sixteen were held. These men were caught red-handed; if the people of Savannah see to it that they are punished as they should be we shall take new heart. Something seems to be happening in the South; in the first six months of 1923 only one-third as many lynchings occurred as in the first half of 1922. There is just one way for the South to prove that a Federal anti-lynching bill is unnecessary—that is to stop lynching.

THERE is no reason to suppose that the Pennsylvania Railroad will be influenced to change its policy toward its employees by the rebuke of the Railroad Labor Board. The Pennsylvania's refusal to recognize any labor organization other than its own company union is rooted in the same obstinacy and the same disregard of public opinion as the retention of the twelve-hour day by the United States Steel Corporation. But although the Pennsylvania may care nothing for the judgment either of the Railroad Labor Board or of the public, it does care about future railroad legislation in the United States. It may be influenced by the suggestion that this flouting of the will of Congress is likely to increase the pressure for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes on the railroads. The Supreme Court's decision in the case of the Kansas Industrial Court does not close this possibility. And compulsory arbitration is as distasteful to the railroads, the Pennsylvania included, as it is to their employees.

IN trespassing upon private property and illegally arresting a group of persons about to hold a meeting in connection with the Los Angeles dock strike, it is fortunate that the police gathered in, among others, so pertinacious an individual as Upton Sinclair; for it is a foregone conclusion that they will want to let go before he does. The original charges of inciting a riot and addressing an unlawful assemblage have already been dismissed and the police have substituted a charge of—vagrancy! "The law is an ass," somebody once remarked in his spleen. Doubtless it is at times, but not nearly so often as those who in ignorance, or as tools of interested persons, misuse it. When we contemplate the antics of the chief of police of Los Angeles we are deterred from characterizing him as an ass only through fear that such a comparison would lay us open to damages from every self-respecting donkey in Christendom.

FROM time to time there has been much criticism of the legal profession on the ground that, as it is alleged, an advocate will sometimes appeal earnestly for the acquittal of a defendant whom he really believes to be guilty. A strange comment on this popular demand for sincerity has been supplied by certain members of the profession in the State of Washington, who seem to hold that only the lawyer who disbelieves in his client's innocence is ethically justified in appearing on his behalf. Elmer S. Smith, a local attorney in good standing, has been defending various members of the I.W.W. when prosecuted in the State courts. In so doing he has not been merely speaking from a brief, but has evidently pleaded his cases *con amore*, for he has himself addressed I.W.W. meetings and otherwise taken part in I.W.W. propaganda. By thus associating himself so closely with the cause of his clients he has been guilty, it is contended, of moral turpitude such as to unfit him for the practice of the law, and a petition for his disbarment has accordingly been filed. The formal "complaint" recounts a miscellany of offenses charged against the I.W.W., and asserts that Mr. Smith, "having knowledge of all these things," has nevertheless "used his talents and energies" in furtherance of their cause. Therefore he should be disbarred.

BUT, if the charges brought against Mr. Smith are true, he is liable to prosecution under the criminal syndicalism law, and should be tried under that statute. Why is that course not taken? The proper tribunal to pronounce upon his conduct is, in the first instance, a criminal court and not a committee of lawyers. Incidentally, this "complaint," an elaborate and melodramatic document, presents a few curious features. In marshaling its indictment of Mr. Smith it mentions that he has been twice *acquitted* on charges of being accessory to murder—which reminds one of how the typical Babu applicant for a post is wont to include among his qualifications a list of the examinations in which he has failed. Again, Mr. Smith is accused of violating his professional oath as a lawyer in the State of Washington, wherein, among other things, he promised that he "would never reject, from any consideration personal to himself, the cause of the defenseless or oppressed." (Does this pledge, one wonders, bind lawyers in other States?)

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There is a further touch of unconscious humor in the fixing of July 5—the nearest available date to Independence Day—as the time when the "complaint" is to be heard before the State Board of Law Examiners. The Comic Spirit has evidently played a part in the drafting of this document, but to Mr. Smith it is a serious matter. It also gravely concerns everyone who is jealous for the traditions of the American bar.

"AND, to be frank," says Mr. P. W. Wilson, the English journalist, frankly in the New York *Times* of June 16, "I have always felt that a man like Massingham [formerly of the London *Nation*] is my superior." Well, to be as frank, we think Mr. Wilson right; and this gives us particular pleasure since, so far as we can remember, it is the first time we have ever been able wholeheartedly to agree with a single opinion of that most prolific dispenser of opinions as to what and how we Americans should think.

SOME day a Carnegie or Rockefeller foundation, eager to exploit new intellectual mines, will subsidize the annual issue of a publication containing all the commencement addresses—including, of course, baccalaureate sermons—delivered at American colleges and universities. Yes, all of them, from Abilene College, Texas, to York College, Nebraska. What is wanted is not a selection of gems, but a faithful record, without picking or choosing, of the oratorical portion of the commencement exercises of every institution of higher learning in the land. Such a compilation would display before the reader, as nothing else could, a panorama of the educational, social, political, and religious ideals of the time, which to later generations would perhaps be of even greater interest than to contemporaries. Meanwhile, even such brief extracts and summaries as appear in the daily press throw some light on present-day tendencies. It is significant that this year so many speakers—including men so diverse as W. G. McAdoo and presidents Farrand, Faunce, and Hibben—warned their readers against intolerance and fear of the truth. Dr. Hibben especially denounced the attack on Dr. Fosdick, who himself, speaking at Michigan, made a ringing plea for independence of thought and action, and declared that the idea that the voice of the people was the voice of God was "largely nonsense." At Dartmouth, Dr. W. P. Merrill went so far as to welcome the widespread evidences of the weakening of authority, alike in church and state.

AMONG other notable deliverances were Dr. Gray's timely protest at Bates College against the mass production of standardized graduates, Dr. Lowell's discriminating remarks at Harvard on success and failure, and Dr. Angell's wise comments at Yale on the services and limitations of science. The national division of opinion on America's international duty is reflected in the commencement addresses, from which one might gather arguments for almost every variety of isolation or cooperation. The freak performances of this season of academic oratory seem to have been contributed by Secretary Weeks. At Norwich he harked back to the "straight-shooting type" of colonial days as the ideal citizen whom young America of the present time should emulate. At Brown he was more modern in his outlook by a century or so. "History," he is reported as saying, "has fully demonstrated the wisdom of those rather conservative methods which have guided the nation since the days of 1776." What was good enough for his great-great-grandfather is good enough for Secretary Weeks. With this conviction of the infallibility and miraculous prescience of the ancients, it is no wonder that he came down heavily on those agitators and reformers who wish to modify the system of government inherited by us from the Revolutionary period. These utterances of his, however, are of so different a tone from the general run of commencement addresses that the analogy they naturally suggest is to the croakings of a raven on a lonely bough.

ROTA RINALDI, eleven and a half years old, has composed an oratorio and conducted the orchestra and chorus in a public performance of his work at Milan. His mother has decided, perhaps wisely, to take him out of the conservatory of music and send him to a common school so that he may grow up like other children. The story of child prodigies is not always happy. There is the danger that their genius may burn out their little bodies before they develop. Sometimes, however, they continue their growth to mature mastery. When Paganini first astonished an audience at the age of nine he was already prematurely old and deformed from too much fiddling; he was unrivaled all his life. Josef Hofmann, at the age of forty-six a notable pianist and a man of wide scientific interests, appeared first in public at the age of six. Mozart composed his first published work in his sixth year, and in his eighth wrote ten sonatas. He remained a prodigy, the most prolific and one of the greatest composers of all time. Perhaps the amount of work he did hastened his death at thirty-six. There have been child wonders in other arts and sciences: the exquisite Marjorie Fleming, Walter Scott's pet; our little contemporary, Hilda Conkling, a gifted poet; John Stuart Mill, who began to read Greek at the age of three and in spite of that lived to be a wise man. We await with trembling admiration the further career of young Rinaldi.

MORRIS ROSENFELD, who died on June 22 at the age of sixty, leaped into fame just twenty-five years ago by the publication of his "Songs from the Ghetto." He had been for years an operative in the sweatshops of the East Side and his Yiddish verses gave an intense and moving expression to the suffering of the Jewish proletarian. His poetical activity has been steady ever since and he was, undoubtedly, one of the best read and best beloved of all poets who use the Yiddish language. The importance of his poetry was in its substance, in the new world it opened and added to the domain of verse. The famous "Songs from the Ghetto," at all events, had no artistic originality. They employed the exact forms and devices of Heine and the minor German Romantic lyrists and balladists. They were intenser in feeling than some of their models and got a certain edge and tang from the resources of the Yiddish vocabulary. They were not creative in the deeper sense. But they did a magnificent service in expressing to the world at large the thoughts and aspirations of a proletariat that never permitted its soul to be submerged with its body in the slavery of industrialism.

WE take pleasure in calling attention to the review in our book section of an essay which has attracted a good deal of attention in England. The essay is by one John Stuart Mill, and is apropos at this time in connection with free speech and personal liberty.

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The Liberty Above All Others

THE liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, and to argue freely according to conscience, is, as Milton said, above all other liberties. It is the foundation of the civil liberty of the citizen. It guarantees his right to state his grievances and to propose his remedies, and, because it guarantees that right, it tends to minimize the chance of disorderly change. Civil liberty means toleration for the opinions of others. It means toleration for the opinions not merely of those with whom the majority agree, but of those also whose words are believed to be fraught with danger and despair. It means not only that the rich, the wise, and the good shall speak, but that the despised, the fool, and the poor man shall also be heard.

Toleration, be it said, does not mean agreement. Because we believe that all voices should be heard, it does not follow that we are to agree with every folly that is uttered. Toleration means a humility of spirit that is willing to concede that the other fellow may be right. It means a capacity to understand that desirable progress in this tentative world can come only through free trade in ideas. Most of all it means a concern for the rights of others, for only when the rights of the most despised among us are secure can the market-place of the mind be kept open.

The capacity of a people to insure and to possess civil liberty and toleration is the measure of the civilization to which they have attained. Freedom, happiness, knowledge, these are the goals of civilization, and they are born of the opportunity to experience life, as truly for whole peoples as for individuals. If that opportunity be broad, success will follow. And who can doubt that the capacity for civil liberty and toleration is the precise measure, alike for community and individuals, of the opportunity to live fully?

It is wise, then, from time to time for a people to consider their condition regarding civil liberty. How do we of these United States fare? A glance first at the past will perhaps not be amiss. At the time when the American Colonies were achieving their independence of Great Britain, the phrases of civil liberty were upon the lips of every patriot. Civil liberty was an integral part of the political philosophy for which the American Revolution was fought. And yet, although that war was fought for political freedom, the civil liberty of the Tory minority which opposed independence received scant consideration. The Civil War, too, was fought for freedom—for the freedom of an enslaved race, but again the minority which believed in the right of the South to secede received short shrift. When the United States entered the Great War, civil liberty and tolerance left us once more. The minority of opposition—radical for the most part—were vindictively put upon.

But these violations of the principle of civil liberty occurred during war, and war, almost by definition, is a step back from the ways of civilization. We can judge better of the reality of civil liberty by its condition after war has passed and in time of peace. And there is a striking parallel to be found between the history of the years just passed and American history of a century and a quarter ago.

In 1798 Europe was arrayed against France, shaken and torn by revolution. The gospel of *liberté, egalité, fraternité* was feared in every land. French radicalism sent its propagandists abroad, and in many lands its sympathizers and advocates made themselves hated. Our country was not exempt. Genêt had come to our shores, and voices, often in high places, expressed sympathy for revolutionary France. The Federalist Party, then in power, became greatly exercised. The Chief Justice of Massachusetts denounced "the French system-mongers, from the Quintumvirate of Paris to the Vice-President" (Jefferson) as "apostles of atheism and anarchy, bloodshed and plunder." In such a mood of excitement Congress passed the Sedition Act of 1798 and prosecutions under it followed. None of the sentences exceeded eighteen months, but they aroused the resentment of the people, and at the next election the Federalists were swept from office and the obnoxious act perished. Jefferson's vigorous and pungent condemnation of the act and Madison's carefully reasoned demonstration of its inconsistency with American principles of government, make it abundantly clear that civil liberty was then a reality in American political life. Indeed, the fate of the Sedition Act is a chapter of American history that we should regard with pride.

Turn now to the years following the World War. Europe is again in tumult, and revolution is once more abroad. The great Powers now unite against Moscow, and Russian radicalism spreads its propaganda wherever it may. Its new political and economic philosophy is hated and feared as was the French in 1798. In the United States, farthest removed from the seat of contagion, and safest, because our people have not suffered as have the peoples of Europe, the excitement and fear of the new radicalism have run highest. Our State legislatures have enacted criminal-syndicalism, criminal-anarchy, and sedition laws until these statutes, which have the same quality as the old Sedition Act, are the law of no less than thirty-nine States. Prosecutions under them have followed aplenty, and the sentences meted out have not been light. Instead of eighteen months they have run as high as five to ten years, and the trials have been numbered by the score, as against the ten trials under the Act of 1798.

The history of a century ago would have led us to expect a wave of resentment against these infringements of civil liberty, but the wave of resentment has not come. The more intelligent of our daily newspapers are now urging the repeal of these laws, but for four years hysterical fear in dealing with radical minorities has replaced toleration and discussion. Reports of a sensational State trial for merely being present at an alleged seditious gathering in Michigan were in the daily news but a few weeks ago, and but last May nine men and women were indicted under the Pennsylvania sedition law for membership in a forbidden organization. The tide is receding, but it has still very far to go.

What shall be said of this contrast between 1798 and 1923? What needs saying is that a contrast exists—that the average American of 1923 is less concerned about the condition of civil liberty than the average American of 1798. That this is not altogether his fault is doubtless true. He has been told so many times that the sedition prosecutions of the present are necessary for his safety that he has come to believe it. But, unless his country is to suffer irreparable injury, it behooves him to shake himself out of his assurance, to examine the situation for himself, and then to take thought as to the future.

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A Chapter Ends at Amherst

THERE was a sound of revelry by day and night. Amherst's chivalry had gathered for commencement. Alumni had come back for a season, parents had turned up two by two, interested girls by ones and dozens. The professors were really relieved and relatively merry. Then, out of an unclouded sky, broke the storm which had for a long time been threatening. President Meiklejohn resigned his post and the trustees accepted his resignation, having first asked for it. The news, more or less expected, went across the continent; reporters dashed to the scene for more details; the story adorned the first pages of metropolitan dailies. Enthusiastic rumors went out to the effect that the graduating class would refuse to graduate and that the members of the faculty in favor of President Meiklejohn would resign in a body. Nothing quite so impressive happened. Mr. Meiklejohn told the devoted boys that "This is my fight, not yours." At commencement thirteen students left the hall without their diplomas, to the accompaniment of cheers from the spectators. Half a dozen teachers have resigned and others will, or will be forced to do so.

This is the outward end of a chapter. Eleven years ago the trustees in calling Mr. Meiklejohn to the presidency of Amherst understood that they were bound for something of an adventure. He made it clear then, as he has made it clear regularly since, that he believed in experiment in education and that he was at many points out of sympathy with certain older traditions of Amherst and of other American colleges. He has worked ceaselessly to bring it about that the students of Amherst might learn something about the changes which are going on in the world instead of being held to the intellectual goose-step which the old guard everywhere prefers. He has attracted to Amherst some of the most promising young teachers in the country. He has worked with his advisers to bring the curriculum into touch with the thoughtful life of our times. He has been a conspicuous element in making Amherst deserve to be called our liberal college. And now, after a decade of the experiment, his trustees have lost courage and have stubbornly turned back to safe ground.

Let no one be deceived by the smoke screen which, as always in such cases, is being thrown out by the trustees. They say that President Meiklejohn was a bad executive, arbitrary and inconsiderate; they hint that he personally spent more money than he should have done and thus embarrassed the reputation of the college in the neighborhood; they find, that is, the petty reasons which their kind can always find in an emergency. To answer them it is sufficient to ask what they would have done if President Meiklejohn had at every point agreed with the majority of them in their notion of what the policy of Amherst ought to be. Then of course he might have been as arbitrary as Mussolini, provided it was the liberal elements he rooted out. He might have been as inconsiderate as Mussolini—toward the dissenters. As to his personal expenses, whatever may be the facts of this difficult matter, his trustees would have had no difficulty had President Meiklejohn, again, been Mussolini. They have had enough experience in covering up the little extravagances of presidents of banks and insurance companies and railroads and factories. What they could not stand was a liberal president.

They did not, it seems, want a liberal college after all. Back in 1912, when they thought they did, there was a Progressive movement. It was not particularly intelligent, but it was reasonably fashionable, and even a trustee could go with it and not lose caste. Since then, however, there has been a war of stupendous magnitude, a flare of temporary idealism, a morose reaction. In that reaction the mind is distrusted in America as it has perhaps never been before. "Americanism" and fundamentalism are trying to force the nation back from the courageous ways of thought into the lazy ways of habit. The trustees of colleges are of course peculiarly susceptible to such flutterings of timidity because they are among the most ill-informed of men in any form of education except that of perpetuating the special type to which they themselves belong. The conversation of one of the Amherst trustees, in most respects a liberal and enlightened man, and an essentially decent man, led Lord Robert Cecil lately to express his incredulity that such ignorance as this trustee displayed could possibly exist in a modern civilization. And it was one of the trustees of Amherst, incidentally Vice-President of the United States, who only a year or so ago published an attack on liberalism in the women's colleges as stupid as it was absurd. No wonder, with such men among them, that the Amherst trustees finally drove President Meiklejohn out.

To put the matter more accurately, they did not want a liberal college enough to pay for it. They might have been willing and able to raise the money, but they could not raise the courage and intelligence necessary. To make an Amherst such as they might have had they found they must shock that great mass of the alumni which, as with all colleges, hangs like a sentimental millstone around the neck of the institution. To make an Amherst such as they might have had they found they must shock that considerable portion of the faculty which, as with all faculties, sits tight in its safe chair and schemes against any changes whatsoever, good, bad, or dubious. The trustees found they must pay for a liberal college by choosing teachers who now and then might get themselves talked about in the world as the holders of novel doctrine; they found they must pay for it by making it easy for the students to become questioners of the established order in theology, politics, art, morals—even in business; they found they must contribute to the upkeep of a college which would pretty surely mystify the trustees by its opinions and attitudes. And these things seemed too dear a price to pay! Had these men been anything but timid, shortsighted trustees, they must have seen that no price is too high to pay for what they had already in 1923 gone a long way toward developing. You cannot pay too much for liberty, for the free exercise of the intelligence, for the untrammeled quest for truth and beauty. Amherst had been made in a decade the most interesting and most distinctive of all the smaller New England colleges. It had developed rare eagerness for learning in its students. Now, apparently, it is to go back to the good old tradition. But it will not be the old tradition of devoted scholars, teachers, missionaries in which the college grew up. To something of that older tradition President Meiklejohn was helping it to return. Amherst will go back, if the trustees now have their way, to the intermediate stage and be once more, and increasingly, a country club for fine young gentlemen.

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Truth About Russia Breaking

SLOWLY, but surely, Russia is losing the pariah stigma. In Denmark both houses of Parliament, by large majorities, have ratified a commercial agreement with her. Tokio, too, has opened negotiations with Moscow for the resumption of official relations. While the feeling of this country is a long way yet from being sympathetic to Russia, there are signs of a steady breaking down of anti-Soviet prejudice. This change of attitude is clearly reflected in the press, which nowadays finds it expedient to give prominent space to pro-Soviet statements. The New York *Times*, for instance, recently published a cabled interview with Irving T. Bush, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, which, if it had appeared a few months ago, would assuredly have led to the exclusion of that journal from the library of Clark University. This American business man, not hitherto classed among the "Reds," expresses himself as convinced of the stability of the Soviet Government, and asserts that not one American in ten thousand has any idea of the order and generally good conditions prevailing in Moscow. The Russian leaders, with whom he was able to talk "quite frankly and without mincing words," struck him as "intelligent, courageous, and sincere in their desire to better the Russian people." To appreciate what this testimonial means, one has to remember that there have been occasions in American history—some, perhaps, not very remote—when a candid foreign visitor might have hesitated to pay an equal tribute to the political leaders of the United States.

Again, two leading American Methodists, Bishop Edgar Blake, who directs the Methodist work in France, and Dr. Lewis P. Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald* (Boston), have sent home remarkable reports of their visit to the All-Russian Council of the Orthodox Church. People who have swallowed sensational tales of the reduction of the Russian Church to destitution through Soviet robbery will read with amazement Dr. Hartman's account of the 'dazzling scene at the opening ceremony in the Moscow Cathedral—the altar blazing with jewels and gold, and so on. The Boston editor testifies that, on examining churches from which treasures had been taken, he found that in no case had the ikons, crosses, banners, or other religious symbols been disturbed. The Government had done no more than commandeer superfluous gold and precious stones that served merely as ornaments, and had used them for the purchase of much-needed food.

How Bishop Blake was impressed by what he saw and heard may be understood from his address to the council. "Russia," he declared, "is in the midst of a stupendous social experiment. For the first time in human history a political government has dedicated itself to the service of the common people." He did not see how the church of Jesus Christ could hold back from "an adventure so full of possible good to mankind." Accordingly, he offered unreservedly such assistance as American Methodism could give. The immediate outcome was a pledge of $50,000 to aid a program for the education of the Russian priesthood. Whether Bishop Blake had authority to make such a pledge is a matter of denominational concern. What should interest the general public is that such favorable reports on the Russian situation should have been made by the American visitors and published so fully in the Methodist press.

Freedom and Mr. Harding

SOMEWHERE out on the fertile plains of Kansas, Warren G. Harding, a rich man and the President of the United States, puts in an hour or so running a threshing machine, shakes hands with the farm owner and talks with him "man to man," and enrols himself as a "member of the farm bloc." A performance like this does not, however, effect the transubstantiation of Mr. Harding into a dirt farmer. He might quite as convincingly claim to be a mother every time he kisses a voter's baby; for Mr. Harding's gesture, even though the sun was hot, is likely to impress few people—certainly few farmers or workers. Mr. Harding is mentally a million miles away from the farmer or the worker, and that is why his other recent gesture of amiability, the "pardoning" of twenty-seven political prisoners, was executed with such infinitely bad grace.

Men were jailed under special war-time acts in America for speaking their convictions against war. Some of them were jailed under these acts after the war was over and when even the pitiful excuses conjured up by hysteria and fear were gone. While other governments released their political prisoners, our government went on sending them to jail. When our government released "enemy aliens" who had plotted actual destruction to American ships and lives, it left in jail the men who had only disbelieved in war and said so. Finally, grudgingly, a few at a time, it began to release the pacifists and radicals, keeping in jail those whose economic views it particularly disliked. And now, with Independence Day in the offing and a hostile West to face and to win, President Harding releases twenty-seven more, with this reservation:

> That they be law-abiding and loyal to the government of the United States and not encourage, advocate, or become wilfully connected with lawlessness in any form, and upon the further condition that if any of such persons violate the foregoing conditions, such commutation will be immediately revoked, and the prisoner returned to the penitentiary where he is now confined.

Which means that unless these men permanently live up to Department of Justice standards of "loyalty" they can be thrust back into jail without the formality of a trial. They are neither free nor pardoned.

Meanwhile even this poor portion of freedom is withheld from twenty men whose offense was in fact similar, but whom the government will hold on the ground that they are said to have conspired to prevent the free flow of supplies to the government for war purposes. It is withheld from one man, F. J. Gallagher, because "he was the cause of several strikes in the oil fields during the war. . . ." It is withheld, without explanation, from Nicholas Zogg and from Librado Rivera, the brave little Mexican friend of Francesco Magon, who published in his Spanish paper at Los Angeles a manifesto calling upon the peoples of the world to unite against war.

President Harding may hold babies and drive threshing machines, he may talk about the glories of the United States and the infinite wisdom and loving-kindness of the present Administration, but the people of the West, from Kansas to Alaska, should not be too far beguiled by his words or his acts or his "ice-cream pants." They should challenge his right to ask their support or talk of freedom as long as twenty-three men remain in Federal jails to prove the futility of such words.

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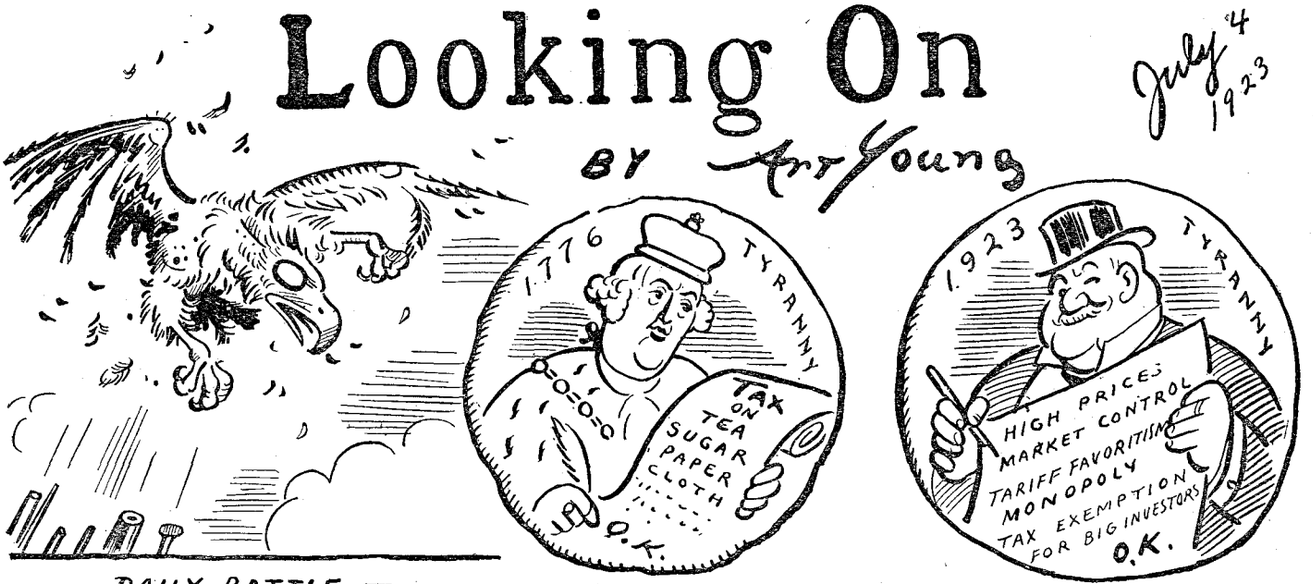
Looking On

BY Art Young

July 4 1923

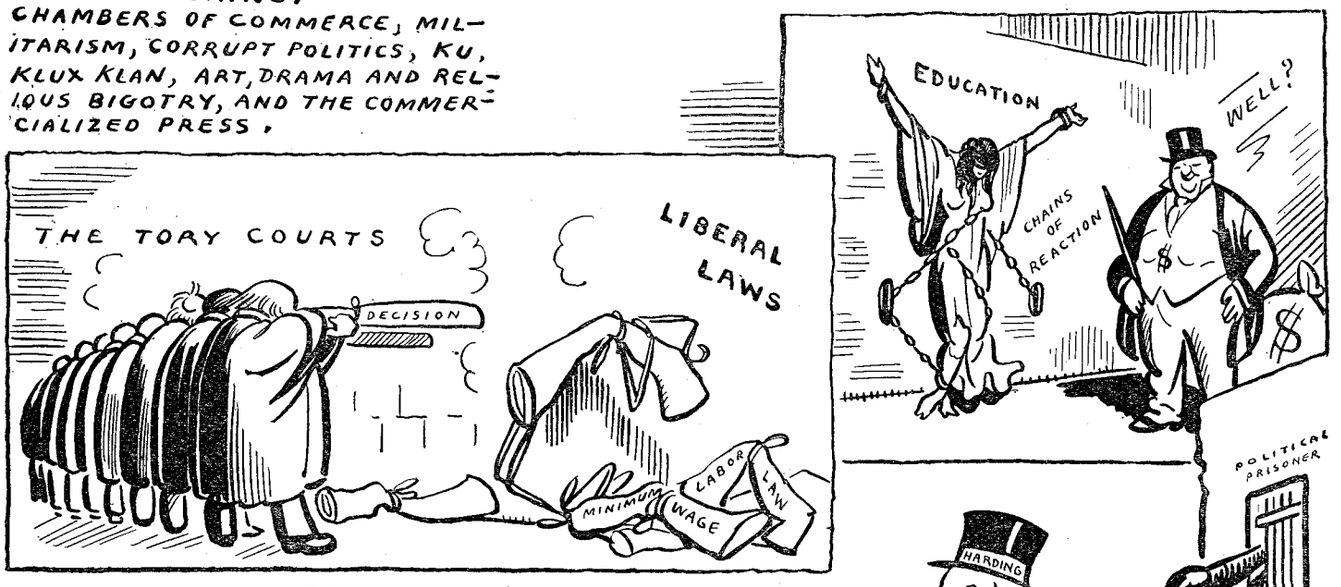


— DAILY BATTLE —
OLD BIRD OF FREEDOM AGAINST
CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, MILITARISM, CORRUPT POLITICS, KU, KLUX KLAN, ART, DRAMA AND RELIGOUS BIGOTRY, AND THE COMMERCIALIZED PRESS.

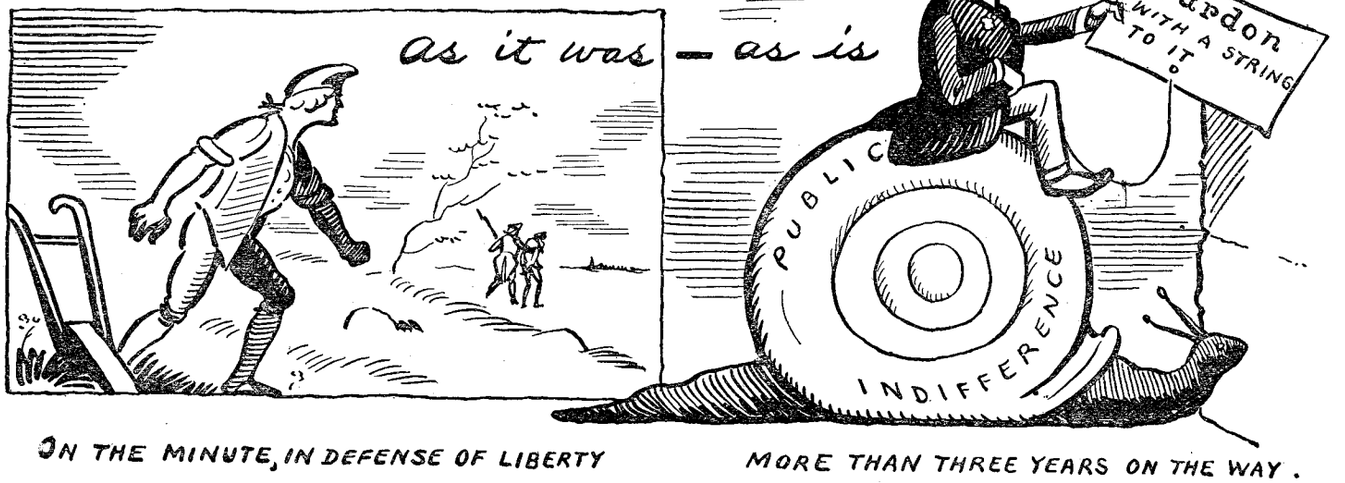
KING GEORGE III

KING COMMERCIALISM

THE SEAL OF AUTHORITY IS DIFFERENT — BUT



THE SPORT OF JUDGES
'SHOT AT SUNRISE'



ON THE MINUTE, IN DEFENSE OF LIBERTY

MORE THAN THREE YEARS ON THE WAY.

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Free Speech: The Vital Issue*

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

A GREAT American once said: "You may chain down all human rights but leave the right of speech free and it will unchain all the rest." This is not mere eloquence; it is the plain statement of a simple and fundamental principle of free government. I sometimes think that the most vital provision of the Constitution of the United States is the First Amendment.

Our institutions have had a severe test in the last few years. War is the great enemy of orderly and free government. It undermines respect for law. It treads down constitutional guaranties. It disregards the assurance of civil liberty. When war is on, these things are difficult to avoid. But certainly when war is over it is the highest duty of a free people to get back to the great underlying principles of constitutional government — to put the practices and habits of war, the hatred, the bitterness, the intolerance, and the arbitrary spirit of war behind us and live in the light of the future.

I think it deeply regrettable that we procrastinate in this work of getting back to constitutional government. It cannot be other than a matter of profound regret to all who believe in the great guaranties of the Constitution that even five years after the war men still lie in prison because of the views they expressed touching that conflict. We are the only nation engaged in the war which still claims its political prisoners, which still holds men in prison for expressions of opinion. What interest is served by such a course? What benefit is derived from establishing such a precedent?

There is no subject of deeper concern in these days than that of preserving these civil rights of the citizen. It is a matter which relates directly and immediately to the welfare, the security, and the happiness of all. But while all are concerned, it is especially of the highest concern to the average citizen. The man of influence and of uncommon ability, the man of commanding wealth, may secure his rights under any condition or under any kind of government sufficient to make life comfortable, or at least endurable. But the average man or woman, the man or woman in the ordinary walks of life, finds security only and alone in the great charter itself, a charter binding upon the courts and the Congress, upon majorities and minorities, upon the rich and the poor. And those who are not willing to live up to the Constitution and to its guaranties of civil rights are not true Americans—they have not the slightest conception of the underlying principles of free institutions.

> *Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.—Constitution of the United States.*
>
> Chief of Police Oaks, Los Angeles, California, to Upton Sinclair:
>
> "Constitution or no Constitution, you're not going to speak in San Pedro."—Los Angeles *Record,* May 16, 1923.
>
> Chief of Police, Martins Ferry, Ohio, when the Mayor refused a permit to J. P. Cannon to speak on Russia.
>
> Chief of Police: "We don't need no law to stop bolshevik meetings, and there ain't going to be none held here."
>
> Cannon: "That is in violation of the Constitution."
>
> Chief of Police: "All right, if that's the case, it is sure going to be violated. By God, this is the United States, and you can't have no meetings here."—*Oklahoma Leader,* May 14, 1923.

It is easy to believe in our Constitution and the principles of right which it guarantees when it fits our case—the great test comes in applying its principles to others. Everybody believes in free speech as guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Constitution when he is the one making the speech—the supreme test comes when we are called upon to apply its principles when the other man is making the speech. Everybody believes in the right of peaceable assemblage—but the test comes when you are looking upon the gathering of those who hold a different view.

The assaults in these days upon the Constitution, and particularly upon the Bill of Rights, are persistent and insidious, as tireless as they are reprehensible. They are made under all kinds of specious pleas and for all kinds of purposes and with all kinds of proclaimed good intentions. But however made or by whomsoever made or for whatsoever purpose men who really believe in a representative republic will r e s i s t these aggressions whenever and however and by whomsoever made. We cannot afford to barter these rights or sacrifice them for any purpose or under any circumstances. It may sometimes seem advisable to do so for a day or to meet some particular emergency, but in the end it will prove a costly experiment.

When I look back upon those stately figures in the formative days of the republic, contemplate their vision, their faith, their breadth of thought and tolerance, I can think of no greater boon for our country than that their example shall continue to be our guide and inspiration in these days of vexed questions and great problems.

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Protecting Our Liberties

By UPTON SINCLAIR

AMERICA has a grave question to consider at the present minute. Can we preserve the constitutional rights which have been handed down to us by our ancestors? And if so, how shall we set about it? It is no exaggeration to say that these rights are, for practical purposes, non-existent in America at the present time. The rich and prominent, of course, can protect themselves; even a Socialist author, if he happens to be well known, will be released from jail after his arrest; but the average American citizen no longer has any right which a police official is bound to respect. He can be arrested, thrown into jail, and held *incomunicado* for days, or weeks, or months, as the police authorities see fit. His home will be raided, and his belongings scattered about on the floor, or confiscated, or burned. He will be tortured in jail, to make him give evidence against himself—a procedure not merely in violation of constitutional provisions, but in violation of one of the most fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon law, which in England and other civilized countries has been respected for many centuries.

Needless to say, of course, the common citizen is deprived of the right to strike, and especially of the right to win a strike. All over this country at the present time the police serve as strike-breaking agencies at the behest of the big-business interests. They forbid picketing, they make mass arrests of the leaders, they raid union offices and close them, they forbid public assemblies and deny the strikers an opportunity to consult together and to act, or even to exist, as an organization. In all these procedures the courts back them up, and the American workingman is reduced to a condition similar to that of serfs in old-time Russia or of peasants in France prior to the revolution. And these things are done not merely in semi-barbarous parts of the country, such as southern California; they are done in places as widely scattered as the States of Washington, and Idaho, and Kansas, and Louisiana, and Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. What can the average citizen do about it?

As an individual he can, of course, do nothing. If he tries to do anything, he is immediately dubbed a Red and falls victim to the police brutalities above described. The only thing the average citizen can do is to organize; he must become part of a great body of people, and this organization must be founded upon wise principles, a plan of procedure so carefully chosen as to make it impossible for the thugs and bullies of big business to overcome it. We are proceeding to do this here in southern California; we are doing it thoroughly and making a real job of it. Knowing that the same need exists in other parts of the country, we think it worth while to make our method of procedure known to others, so that groups of citizens may profit by the lessons we have learned, and may protect their civil liberties and become once more the citizens of a republic, instead of the slaves of an industrial empire.

> *No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.—Constitution of the United States.*
>
> General Pat Hamrock, Denver, Colorado, when Rangers deported W. Z. Foster:
> "We consulted no law."—Federated Press, January 6, 1923.
>
> Mayor of Bellaire, Ohio, on admitting that H. M. Wicks had been arrested without any charge having been made against him:
> "It is not what he has done, but what he might do."—Reading *Labor Advocate*, May 12, 1923.
>
> Judge in Seattle, Washington, in the case of Tom O'Mara, Tom Smith, and others, arrested February 14 for selling I.W.W. papers in Centralia.
> Judge: "I suppose you will plead not guilty, but I will find you guilty now."
> Question: "Do constitutional rights count in Centralia at all?"
> Judge: "No. Constitutional rights do not count at all."—*Industrial Worker*, March 10, 1923.

The American Civil Liberties Union is a national organization, formed four or five years ago to educate the people to the meaning of civil rights and to help them in the struggle to maintain these rights. This union has done good work in the publication of educational literature and in the raising of test cases to bring the facts before the public. We have proceeded to organize the southern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. We have held a series of five mass meetings; our free-speech demonstration at San Pedro was attended by not less than 15,000 people, and there have been four meetings at the Walker Auditorium in Los Angeles, from the first three of which thousands of people had to be turned away for lack of room. We have obtained the pledges of some 500 people to join our organization. Recently we held our first organization meeting; we did not try to get a crowd for this meeting, but invited only the people who had agreed to join, so that we could get down to business and get practical work done. At these various meetings we have taken in something over $700, and we are now starting a campaign to raise a large fund to make possible our permanent organization. We are going to have a salaried organizer, a man who is competent both to lecture and to write about our work; we are going to have an office and

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a stenographer; we are going to print literature and distribute it, and hold meetings and conduct debates and an open forum, to which we shall invite the enemies of civil liberties for exhibition purposes.

There are many groups of people formed for the purpose of bringing about industrial changes; and these people apparently cannot get together upon a program. But there is one platform upon which it should be possible to get every true American to stand, and that is the platform of free discussion of our problems. This ideal was carefully embodied by our forefathers in the fundamental law of our nation, and of every one of our separate States. There are constitutional provisions, granting to the people the rights of freedom of speech and of the press, also the right to assemble and petition the government for redress of grievances. This is the true 100 per cent Americanism, and we have taken this for our sole program. We are taking pains to make clear that we have nothing to do with any labor union or political party or religious creed; we are taking our stand upon the simple elementary right of all sides to have a hearing and to be protected by the law while they are setting forth their ideas. On that platform we can get a great many people of all classes to stand; and having got them, we mean to see that the authorities do actually obey the law, and do actually permit every person in the community to exercise his constitutional rights.

Americans, as a rule, especially the new variety of 100 per cent business men, do not realize what is the fundamental law of the United States and what were the principles of the founders of our nation. We are getting out a leaflet to inform them. We are going to teach the Bill of Rights to the public—and nobody is going to put us in jail for doing it, because we have on our executive committee three clergymen, two lawyers, a doctor, and two or three prominent club ladies; we are going to get a great number of such people, and whenever we meet we shall have such an array of wealth and fashion upon our platform that the police and prosecuting authorities will be awed into decency. You should have seen how good they were down at San Pedro, where we had two authors, two journalists, two millionaires, two lawyers, and two men who had served as officers of our army in France—all assuring the strikers that there is really a difference between present-day America and old-time Russia!

We are going to have at least 2,000 dues-paying members, and at least 10,000 people interested in our work, to whom we can send information about violations of civil rights as they occur. We have named fourteen committees —and these are not going to be mere names; they consist of people who mean business, and each one has a chairman who is going to plan and see that things are done. We think it a little tribute to our effectiveness that from the day of our free-speech rally at San Pedro not a single striker has been arrested; and recently the courts have released 300 who were charged with "blocking the sidewalks." Also they have released eighteen who were charged with displaying a red flag, along with a dozen other flags, including the American. Police Court Judge Crawford stated that all red-flag showers ought to be sent to jail, but unfortunately for him the Supreme Court of the State had held the red-flag ordinance unconstitutional! The violators of this unconstitutional ordinance had only been held in jail three weeks. We are so much encouraged by this decision that we are now going to try to get the release of the restaurant proprietor who was dragged out from behind his counter and jailed for feeding the strikers—that was "prolonging the strike"!

One of the wealthy club ladies who is working quietly to help our organization tells us that the thing which most disturbs the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is the publicity we have managed to get all over the country. They are sensitive about this, because they are trying to sell our climate to "come-ons" from the East, and they don't like to have it known that people who come to southern California are likely to be thrown into jail for trying to read the Constitution of the United States.

That is the way to tame these 100 per cent rowdies—to put the fear of the American people into their greedy souls!

Two Portraits

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I

Office Girl

Within an office, whose exterior
Resembles an ultra-conservative mind,
She battles with the avaricious words
Of a meager petrified man.
Her face is brown stagnation
But it has not succeeded
In drowning a barely breathing wistfulness.
Bravery is fear
Sneering at itself,
And her life is ever hovering
Upon the edge of this condition.
Yet her obscurity
Is an important atom
In the mysterious march of time.

II

Envious Poet

Seraphic and relaxed you take
Your novel, with uncertain thumbs,
As one who lingers over cake
And dreads the thought of final crumbs.

(Frown at my precious sorcery
And label me an envious elf,
If human beings could agree
Their boredom might revenge itself!)

O youthful housewife weighing grains
Of joy upon your empty smile,
The total of my bolder gains
Is but a more impressive guile.

Your serious child wins the alert
And limpid art of playing tag
While your emotions rest inert,
Like dried fruit in a paper bag.

And yet I envy both of you
And wish that I could also find
The mildness of your fancied view,
Where feelings dance and thoughts are kind.

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"Sweet Land of Liberty"

(From Bulletins of the American Civil Liberties Union)

Beyond the Law

ALABAMA. After protecting himself against a mob for six hours, John King, Negro miner of Helena, was lynched on May 10 by men whom he had accused of taking money from his pay envelope.

The Crime of Quitting Work

Arkansas. The joint executives of the sixteen standard railway brotherhoods have offered a reward of $5,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the parties connected with the lynching of E. C. Gregor, striking shopman, at Harrison, Arkansas, last January. A legislative investigating committee of the State has whitewashed the citizens' mob which committed the crime and has been unable to fix the responsibility on individuals. It did find, however, that the lynching followed a conference of twelve leaders of the mob at the Harrison Rotary Club.

Boys Will Be Boys

New York. Students of Columbia University kidnapped William Werner, graduate student, on May 17, took him out of the city in an automobile and beat him, encouraged by policemen who were told that he was being punished for lack of patriotism. Werner had written a letter to the university daily defending freedom of speech and press in a local issue.

The Supreme Offense

Arkansas. Two delegates of the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union were menaced by a mob of citizens of Bald Knob on May 15 and, after being searched twice for evidence against them, were forced to leave town. They were accused of agitating for higher wages for berry pickers.

Law and Order

California. More than 400 members of the I.W.W. were arrested in San Pedro on May 14 for holding meetings in connection with the harbor strike.

Excessive Bail

Pennsylvania. After a hearing before Justice of the Peace Riley at Pittsburgh, Fred Merrick, arrested with twenty-three others at the Labor Lyceum on April 27, was released on $10,000 bail pending trial under the Flynn anti-sedition act of Pennsylvania.

An I.W.W. Has No Friends

New Jersey. Two members of the Industrial Workers of the World, Boorus and Romero, arrested at Hoboken on May 2 for holding up government mails, were convicted on hearsay evidence of attendance at an I.W.W. meeting by United States Commissioner Besson on May 10 and held in $500 bail for the grand jury.

Our Democratic Navy

California. Five men were injured, one seriously, in race rioting between white and Filipino sailors of the battle fleet in Los Angeles harbor on May 27. The ejection of a white man from a Filipino dance hall precipitated the riot, which police were unable to manage.

Upholding the Law

New York. Immediately following the signing of the anti-masking bill by Governor Smith the Klan defied the new measure on May 27 by initiating 789 members at a large meeting at Eastport, L. I.

Always Fair Prey

California. Two members of the Industrial Workers of the World, Albert Stingeland and William Flanagan, were convicted of criminal syndicalism at Sacramento on May 18.

More of the Same Thing

Idaho. Six members of the I.W.W. were recently arrested on criminal syndicalism charges at Pocatello.

For Telling the Whole Truth

California. The Appellate Court on May 23 handed down a decision sustaining the conviction of ten witnesses who were arrested at the Casdorf-Firey trial in April, 1922, for admitting membership in the I.W.W.

Our Super-Government

Ohio. The hall in Columbus in which Eugene Debs was to speak on June 22, for which deposit money had been accepted, was refused to the Debs committee on June 1 by order of the American Legion and the Chamber of Commerce.

Subservient Police

New Jersey. Passaic police on May 28 seized Lorenzo De Mario, Amalgamated Clothing Workers' representative, and placed him on a train for New York with orders not to return. His offense consisted of talking organization to the workers.

The War Is Over

California. Ex-service men took Frank Siceri from his home in Los Angeles on the night of June 5, bound him to a post, and beat him unconscious with a wire cable. They left a note accusing police of indifference in failing to prosecute him for an alleged assault upon a young woman.

The Defenseless Race

Florida. The body of Henry Simmons, Negro, was recently found riddled with bullets and hanging to a tree near Palm Beach. He was suspected of having shot and killed Policeman J. N. Smith.

Did Peter Cooper Turn in His Grave?

New York. The director of Cooper Union in New York City denied the use of the hall to the Anti-Fascisti Alliance of North America on the ground that the meeting threatened "to involve riotous proceedings."

Our Solons

Michigan. The act to repeal the State criminal syndicalism law was killed in committee before the recent adjournment of the legislature in spite of the united action of labor bodies to force it into the open and insure its passage.

Social Item from Goose Creek

Texas. Henry Haeker of Goose Creek was kidnapped on the night of June 14 by masked men, taken to the woods, and beaten over the head. No cause for the attack is known.

Shades of William Penn!

Pennsylvania. Girolamo Valenti and Birch Wilson, Socialist speakers, were prevented from addressing a meeting in Old Forge for the second time in a week on June 13, when they were ordered from the town by Burgess Costanzo.

So This Is Justice!

Washington, D. C. Because the papers proving his Canadian citizenship were seized by the Government in 1917, Archie Sinclair, I.W.W. political prisoner freed on December 31, 1922, by order of President Harding, cannot be deported to Canada and may be forced to return to Leavenworth penitentiary to finish a ten-year sentence.

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The Issues at Amherst

By JOHN MERRIMAN GAUS

PRESIDENT MEIKLEJOHN had attempted to define the function of the liberal college. His inaugural address was devoted to this. He had stated and restated his suggestions to trustees and faculty as well as the general public in a series of papers and reports, and had discussed it with undergraduates on many occasions—notably the Chapel addresses at the opening of the fall term. Many of these papers are conveniently found in his book, "The Liberal College." Disagreement, discussion, clarification of issues have been deliberately sought by the president. But there were many people who were unable to disagree in this wholesome and healthy way.

The president was brought to Amherst by the trustees to build up a stronger faculty. It was a situation clearly recognized even among those of us who were students here at the time. The selection of personnel for the purpose of developing larger policy is the essence of administration. A part of President Meiklejohn's thesis was that the president should be only the agent of a controlling and dominant faculty, with the board of trustees playing no part in the determination of educational policy; yet he had been brought to Amherst to change the faculty for the better. Here was, obviously, a dilemma. There was an inherent and essential conflict; and if the trustees at any time should no longer support the president in the task which they brought him to Amherst to accomplish, his work would be blocked.

The new men brought to Amherst by President Meiklejohn included many younger men; and some of the older settlers in Amherst did not approve the attempt to give young men a share in the determination of educational policy. The methods of these younger men, in closer touch with the students, frequently approached those described by Walton Hamilton in his address published in *The Nation* for June 20, as treating education as an adventure. They were more largely engaged in research in their respective fields, and viewed Amherst as a part of the larger enterprise of learning rather than as a single tradition. Instead of welcoming this infusion of new blood, instead of doing their full share to create an understanding and a synthesis of ages and outlooks, some of the older teachers were embittered and some of the new were impatient.

One cannot ignore, too, the kind of social life that develops in a small college town. It has something of the atmosphere so brilliantly described by Hugh Walpole in "The Gods and Mr. Perrin." Most small colleges recruit their teaching staff largely from among alumni. President Meiklejohn was not an Amherst man. Many of the people he brought to Amherst were not Amherst men. Into a relatively settled and fixed society these new men came; and feelings that were already hurt by the failure to reappoint certain former faculty members were not receptive, always, to the newcomers. And the possibilities of gossip and rumor in a village are notorious. One of my neighbors looks upon the controversy as centering upon the failure of four of the new men to keep their lawns mowed!

The policy of the president of extending responsibility to the students for their activities and conduct has brought much criticism. This policy was inaugurated with the establishment of the student council in 1913, and has continued to the creating in 1922 of the committee of seven (selected from and by the seniors) who are responsible in matters of student conduct affecting the college's name.

In terms of policy, of personnel, of curricular changes, of attitude toward teaching and research, of relations with students, here was an experiment in education which possessed the virtues and defects of experiment. New courses, new men, new relationships had to be integrated with the best in the old. In addition to the strains of the period of readjustment came those of war time; and there was opposition to the idea that a college should continue its study and teaching in war as well as peace.

It was only by lifting the issues to the plane of educational policy that progress could be made; and meanwhile large numbers of alumni grew increasingly hostile to those policies. The development of the curriculum had included the building up of the work in the humanistic sciences—politics, economics, philosophy, history of religions—to a closer approach to equality with the natural sciences and languages and literature, and this caused some disapproval. The president's views on athletics (most recently set forth in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1922) angered many. Some held to the sentimental belief that the college and personnel of their particular day should be restored so far as possible, and that change was necessarily bad. The work of the college was viewed, again, as antagonistic to some conceptions of religion and morals; teaching was destructive. The establishment of classes in collaboration with the central labor unions of Holyoke and Springfield was put down to the account of "radicalism." In fact the whole gamut of rumor, gossip, sentiment, prejudice, and fear was run by a variety of critics. What was surprising was the number of busy men of affairs among the alumni who made a deliberate effort, on the other hand, really to understand and appraise the work that was being attempted at Amherst. But on the whole the alumni were critical—and ill-informed.

What shall be the kind of teaching and the nature of the curriculum of the liberal college? What shall be the government of the college—trustees, faculties, students? Where does a college president fit in a scheme of government? How can teaching be improved and faculties recruited for the task of teaching in the liberal college without becoming settled and unimaginative? On all these matters American opinion today is confused and vague. President Meiklejohn had spoken clearly and frankly; the board of trustees and a majority of the faculty disagreed with him; and he has had to go. I do not see how men who are busily engaged in their various enterprises were competent to go behind the superficial aspects of a controversy and appraise adequately the educational policy, reflected through changes in personnel and curriculum. The statements made by some opponents of President Meiklejohn that they approve his *policies* but not the administration of those policies is answered by this fact: most of those who have been working toward those policies as teachers are leaving, and those who have opposed remain. Amherst, through its governing organization, has made its deliberate choice; the consequences strike beyond the particular college into the broader field of education.

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Pharisees and Reformers

By ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

What follows is part of the baccalaureate address delivered at Amherst College on June 17. Dr. Meiklejohn's resignation of the presidency of the college two days later is the subject of a signed article on the opposite page and of an editorial on page 4 of this issue. At the commencement exercises of June 20, twelve members of the senior class and one graduate student refused to accept their diplomas as a protest against the action of the trustees in forcing Dr. Meiklejohn out of office.

IS OUR WORLD CHRISTIAN? I am inclined to answer yes and no; to say, it is, but also, it is not. And yet I think a truer answer can be given. I think that in the only sense in which such men as we can take a moral creed we do accept the Christian teaching. In this we do as Buddhists do, and as Mohammedans. We take the teaching as our goal but fall far short of reaching it in acts, in working principles.

And this is not an accident which comes from our peculiar weakness. It is the fate of every man, of every people. It is the essential quality of human living. Forever there is fixed in man the gulf which Jesus found. Forever men are torn asunder in just the way that we have found ourselves to be. May I explain?—and then my sermon will be done.

I have complained against the world that Jesus was killed by it as soon as people thought they knew what he was teaching. And yet the selfsame world has kept that teaching in its mind, has talked of him and of his words for these 2000 years, has thought of him more than of any other man whom it has known. What shall you say of such a funny, baffling world as this—a world that slays a man, just as the Greeks slew Socrates, and then defines its very mind and spirit in terms of him?

The answer to the riddle lies in the very nature of a man. We are not one but two. Much of our modern thinking about men is over simple in its explanation. Man is by nature of the type of a dilemma. He is himself, but also he can think and plan about himself. And thought is foreign to the nature which it thinks about. So man is foreign to himself. In many ways, of which I must not stop to speak just now, thought is abstract; it leaves the vivid actual concrete world of things and human situations; it deals with principles and universals. By means of these men hope to change themselves, or, as they said in olden days, to save their souls. Man by his thought, his insight, is leading, dragging up from out the depths, himself. And though it is himself who leads, he follows most reluctantly.

At every step along the road which men have trod, the hill which they have climbed, there has been conflict. Always the man of active type, the man of common sense, believes that he has reached the goal. This is the place where men should live, he thinks, here they should settle down, master the country, reap its fruits, and live their lives in peace. But always men have found that in the spirit of man there is no peace in this inactive sense. The man who does not climb slips back. Nothing can be more clear than that a thought accepted, put in action, and kept free from criticism, becomes with every day less true, less vital—becomes more false. A thought believed and only that, becomes unworthy of belief. And so man ever goads himself again to travel the winding road. His life is not a state; it is a process.

And now before I say my final word to you I must return again to talk of Pharisees, to try to do them justice. They are the men whom critics criticize. That is their function. They represent the action in our common life. They make the world go round; they make the institution run; they get things done according to the wisdom which the past has given. And meanwhile other men, so-called reformers, find fault with what they do—and there is fault enough to find.

But are they made of different stuff—these two? Is one side right, the other wrong? May one of them destroy the other from the earth, sweep it aside, and take the world in charge? I do not think so. Both groups are men and every man has both these attitudes within himself. To make our life complete each side must play its part. I know reformers who complain with bitterness because men will not change the world at once as they demand. They seem to me to argue in this vein: "I wish to differ from every other man and yet I ask that all the other men should see that I am right—and do it quickly." I often wish they had, or shall I say, I often wish we had a better sense of humor.

But what of Pharisees again? They are the men of common sense. I wish they had more sense, could see more clearly the need of criticism of what they do. I wish that both these groups could see how silly and futile each would be without the other. And yet it will not do to wish too hard, to set one's heart on having peace, the peace that comes with understanding. These two will never understand each other. Our human life will never understand itself. But it will always try; and as it tries it will succeed. But if it stopped from trying, the human spirit would be dead.

Members of the graduating class: I have tried in these last words to tell you of the road that you must go. I send you out not in the search for things that men can own, but in the search for self, for your own lives, and for the lives of other men. I charge you that you seek to find what human life can be, and that you make the search with high intelligence and sober common sense. You will not reach the goal. Your life is stretched between the least that lies behind and the achievement still before of which each vision that we get seems only a glimmer of the truth that men will some day win. I bid you as you go keep fellowship with other men; no matter what they do, no matter what they say or think, they are your fellows in the common task. You should regard them as you do regard yourself.

I have no fear of your discouragement at what I have said. You do not dread the unending road. What I do fear for you is just that lethargy of spirit that cuts man's life in two, that lets our double nature fall apart. Beware of that.

We send you forth on high adventure. This college loves the life of man and it has tried to make you ready for that life. Go forth and play your part and be you worthy of the college which has tried to teach you how to play.

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Making Wheat Sober Up

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE most important political event of the moment went by with little notice. Happening to be in Chicago in the neighborhood of the Sherman Hotel, I walked into it.

There were met there a large number of political and commercial and industrial doctors to consider the sad case of wheat. The occasion was called the National Wheat Conference. The dark, lean, vivid face of Congressman Anderson of Minnesota appeared in the chief place about the operating table. Anderson presided. Back of him was the figure of Governor Preus of Minnesota, blond, firm, trim, controlled. Preus is running on the Republican ticket in Minnesota for United States Senator against a Farmer-Labor candidate whose followers grow wheat so unprofitably that perhaps they may succeed in carrying the State against Preus. Back of Preus was James F. Bell of Minnesota, a distinguished miller, rich, suave, alert, broad-eyed, taking a wide view of the milling business and determined to do something to improve the prospects of wheat and to moderate the feelings of the wheat farmer.

Brought together by these gentlemen, were numerous other representatives of politics and of business from as far east and south as Georgia and from as far west and north as Oregon. Senator Copeland came from New York. Governor Nestos came from North Dakota. George C. Jewett, cooperative seller of some thirty or thirty-five million bushels of wheat from the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Slope Northwest, came. So did many bakers—gentlemen who used to be mere rule-of-thumb tradesmen but who are now on their way to being scientists. At their head was Dr. H. E. Barnard, director of their bread laboratory, their bread research institution, where numerous university graduates devote themselves to devising a bread more nutritious than poor dear mother ever baked.

Moreover, there were railroad managers, and packers, and Ben Marsh, the pallid and untiring scourge of railroad managers and packers and millers and middlemen. He on the first day of the conference rose to testify against unrighteousness and boldly and conscientiously and truthfully declared that the membership of the conference had been picked to be conservative or—to put it more conventionally—"stacked against the people."

Myself, having heard "the people" try to solve the wheat problem many times, I enthusiastically prepared to witness the novelty of a solution of it by the conservatives. That conservative solution is long overdue. The rural radical revolt, if studied geographically, is seen to center indubitably on the support of farmers made wretched and angry by unprofitable wheat. I would that Ben Marsh could induce prosperous farmers to take as sublime and as drastic an interest in the public welfare and in politics as is shown by impoverished farmers. In the Bible Jeshurun waxes fat and kicks. In uninspired secular political life, as the horny-handed hero of our basic business, he kicks only when he wanes lean.

Explaining his leanness, there came to this conference a man who is half of him the world's supreme warehouse of food facts and the other half of him the only known equivalent of Albert Lasker and Herbert Bayard Swope put together in number of dynamic mental throbs per minute. This man is Alonzo Taylor, former chief food expert for Herbert Hoover in the United States Food Administration and now chief manager of the Food Research Institute in Leland Stanford University.

Dr. Taylor put the National Wheat Conference on a foundation of ascertained and highly uncomfortable but presumably ultimately useful—because now recognized and acknowledged—truth. He tore all the sweet disguising veils away from the homely, rough fact that the American wheat farmer is now growing a great deal more surplus wheat than Europe, by any device of advanced credits or of settled reparations or of funded debts, can possibly be induced to take.

He showed that Europe is at this moment taking its full peace-time quota of imported wheat. He showed that Russian agricultural exports into Western Europe are beginning to revive. He showed that a disorganized Europe, where transportation had weakened and where impediments to commercial intercourse across national boundaries had strengthened, was more likely to import our present wheat surplus than a revived and restored Europe would be when full railroad service and full and ready internal international transit had been resumed. He dispelled totally the idea of a reconstructed Europe as the consumer of the surplus wheat grown on our recently enormously expanded wheat acreage.

The conference did not seem to think it seemly to pass a resolution requesting Mr. Secretary Hughes to please keep Europe in a disorganized condition in order that it might be obliged to import more American wheat to take the place of an existing but untransportable and unavailable local product. It accordingly left Europe alone. It did not ask Mr. Hughes to do anything about it whatsoever. Finding that Europe could not come forward to give any further "help" to the American farmer, the conference abandoned all recent American agricultural political traditions and showed no interest whatsoever in American "help" for struggling, suffering Europe.

All governmental, all political, devices for solving the wheat grower's present woes were shattered by Dr. Taylor. The American wheat acreage must be accommodated to American needs, with no more dependence on Europe's needs and demands than was customary before the war. Along with this tendency toward contraction, however, there must at the same time be an opposite tendency toward trying to expand the domestic internal American wheat market. Americans are eating less wheat than formerly. The wheat trade and the flour trade and the baking trade must entice them back to their original wheat appetites. Finally, the wheat farmers must sell more of their wheat through cooperative associations which will give that wheat a better grading and which will see to it that only the right grades are offered to the public.

Against international and national political expedients of all sorts, this program now stands out as the one toward which the anti-radical saviors of the basic part of America's basic cereal industry will flock. It means that the conservatives have a program. It means that what with this program, and what with the program of the radicals, and what with the competition between them, the radicalism of the wheat farmers will probably within a few years be turned to prosperity. And to conservatism?

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The Two Sweetheart Dippies

How They Sat in the Moonlight on a Lumber-Yard Fence and Heard About the Sooners and the Boomers

By CARL SANDBURG

NOT so very far and not so very near the Village of Liver and Onions is a dippy little town where dippy people used to live.

And it was long, long ago the sweetheart dippies stood in their windows and watched the dips of the star dippers in the dip of the sky. It was the dippies who took the running wild oleander and the cunning wild rambler rose and kept them so the running wild winters let them alone.

"It is easy to be a dippy . . . among the dippies . . . isn't it?" the sweetheart dippies whispered to each other sitting in the leaf shadows of the oleander, the rambler rose.

The name of this dippy town came by accident. The name of the town is Thumbs Up, and it used to be named Thumbs Down, and expects to change its name back and forth between Thumbs Up and Thumbs Down.

The running wild oleanders and the running wild rambler roses grow there over the big lumber yards where all the old lumber goes. The dippies and the dippy sweethearts go out there to those lumber yards and sit on the fence moonlight nights and look at the lumber. The rusty nails in the lumber get rustier and rustier till they drop out. And whenever they drop out there is always a rat standing under to take the nail in his teeth and chew the nail and eat it.

For this is the place the nail-eating rats come to from all over the Rootabaga country. Father rats and mother rats send the young rats there to eat nails and get stronger. If a young rat comes back from a trip to the lumber yards in Thumbs Up and he meets another young rat going to those lumber yards, they say to each other: "Where have you been?" "To Thumbs Up." "And how do you feel?" "Hard as nails."

Now one night two of the dippies, a sweetheart boy and girl, went out to the big lumber yards and sat on the fence and looked at the lumber and the running wild oleanders and the running wild rambler roses. And they saw two big rusty nails, getting rustier and rustier, drop out of the lumber and drop into the teeth of two young rats. And the two young rats sat up on their tails there in the moonlight under the oleanders, under the roses, and one of the young rats told the other young rat a story he made up out of his head. Chewing on the big rusty nail and then swallowing, telling more of the story after swallowing and before beginning to chew the nail again, this is the story he told—and this is the story the two dippies, the two sweethearts sitting on the fence in the moonlight, heard:

Far away where the sky drops down and the sunsets open doors for the nights to come through—where the running winds meet, change faces, and come back—there is a prairie where the green grass grows all around. And on that prairie the gophers, the black and brown-striped ground squirrels, sit with their backs straight up, sitting on their soft paddy tails, sitting in the spring-song murmur of the south wind, saying to each other: "This is the prairie and the prairie belongs to us."

Now, far back in the long time the gophers came there, chasing each other, playing the-green-grass-grew-all-around, playing cross tag, hop tag, skip tag, billy-be-tag, billy-be-it.

The razorback hogs came then, eating pignuts, potatoes, pawpaws, pumpkins. The wild horse, the buffalo, came. The moose, with spraggly branches of antlers spreading out over his head, the moose came—and the fox, the wolf. The gophers flipped a quick flip-flop back into their gopher holes when the fox, the wolf, came. And the fox, the wolf, stood at the holes and said: "You *look* like rats, you *run* like rats, you *are* rats, rats with stripes. Bah! you are only *rats*. Bah!"

It was the first time anybody said "Bah!" to the gophers. They sat in a circle with their noses up, asking: "*What* does this 'Bah!' mean?" And an old timer, with his hair falling off in patches, with the stripes on his soft paddy tail patched with patches, this old gopher said: "'Bah!' speaks more than it means whenever it is spoken."

Then the sooners and the boomers came, saying "Bah!" and saying it many new ways, till the fox, the wolf, the moose, the wild horse, the buffalo, the razorback hog picked up their feet and ran away without looking back.

The sooners and boomers began making houses, sod houses, log, lumber, plaster-and-lath houses, stone, brick, steel houses, but most of the houses were lumber with nails to hold the lumber together to keep the rain off and push the wind back and hold the blizzards outside.

In the beginning the sooners and boomers told stories, spoke jokes, made songs, with their arms on each other's shoulders. They dug wells, helping each other get water. They built chimneys together, helping each other let the smoke out of their houses. And every year the day before Thanksgiving they went in cahoots with their post-hole diggers and dug all the post holes for a year to come. That was in the morning. In the afternoon they took each other's cistern cleaners and cleaned all the cisterns for a year to come. And the next day, on Thanksgiving, they split turkey wishbones and thanked each other they had all the post holes dug and all the cisterns cleaned for a year to come.

If the boomers had to have broom corn to make brooms, the sooners came saying: "Here is your broom corn." If the sooners had to have a gallon of molasses, the boomers came saying: "Here is your gallon of molasses." They handed each other big duck eggs to fry, big goose eggs to boil, purple pigeon eggs for Easter breakfast. Wagon loads of buff banty eggs went back and forth between the sooners and boomers. And they took big hayracks full of buff banty hens and traded them for hayracks full of buff banty roosters. And one time at a picnic one summer afternoon the sooners gave the boomers a thousand golden ice tongs with hearts and hands carved on the handles. And the

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boomers gave the sooners a thousand silver wheelbarrows with hearts and hands carved on the handles.

Then came pigs, pigs, pigs, and more pigs. And the sooners and boomers said the pigs had to be painted. There was a war to decide whether the pigs should be painted pink or green. Pink won.

The next war was to decide whether the pigs should be painted checks or stripes. Checks won. The next war after that was to decide whether the checks should be painted pink or green. Green won.

Then came the longest war of all, up till that time. And this war decided the pigs should be painted both pink and green, both checks and stripes.

They rested then. But it was only a short rest. For then came the war to decide whether peach pickers must pick peaches on Tuesday mornings or on Saturday afternoons. Tuesday mornings won. This was a short war. Then came a long war—to decide whether telegraph-pole climbers must eat onions at noon with spoons or whether dishwashers must keep their money in pig's ears with padlocks pinched on with pincers.

So the wars went on. Between wars they called each other goofs and snoofs, grave robbers, pickpockets, porch climbers, pie thieves, pie-face mutts, bums, big bums, big greasy bums, dummies, mummies, rummies, sneezicks, bohunks, wops, snorkies, ditch diggers, peanuts, fatheads, sapheads, pinheads, pickle faces, horse thieves, rubbernecks, big pieces of cheese, big bags of wind, snabs, scabs, and dirty sniveling snitches. Sometimes when they got tired of calling each other names they scratched in the air with their fingers and made faces with their tongues out, twisted like pretzels.

After a while, it seemed, there was no corn, no broom corn, no brooms, not even teeny sweepings of corn or broom corn or brooms. And there were no duck eggs to fry, goose eggs to boil, no buff banty eggs, no buff banty hens, no buff banty roosters, no wagons for wagon loads of buff banty eggs, no hayracks for hayrack loads of buff banty hens and buff banty roosters. And the thousand golden ice tongs the sooners gave the boomers and the thousand silver wheelbarrows the boomers gave the sooners, both with hearts and hands carved on the handles, they were long ago broken up in one of the early wars deciding pigs must be painted both pink and green with both checks and stripes. And now, at last, there were no more pigs to paint either pink or green or with checks or stripes. The pigs, pigs, pigs were gone.

So the sooners and boomers all got lost in the wars, or they screwed wooden legs on their stump legs and walked away to bigger, bigger prairies, or they started away for the rivers and mountains, stopping always to count how many fleas there were in any bunch of fleas they met. If you see anybody who stops to count the fleas in a bunch of fleas, that is a sign he is either a sooner or a boomer.

So again the gophers, the black-and-brown-striped ground squirrels, sit with their backs straight up, sitting on their soft paddy tails, sitting in the spring song murmur of the south wind, saying: "This is the prairie and the prairie belongs to us."

Far away today where the sky drops down and the sunsets open doors for the nights to come through—where the running winds meet, change faces, and come back—there the gophers are playing the-green-grass-grew-all-around, playing cross tag, skip tag, hop tag, billy-be-tag, billy-be-it. And sometimes they sit in a circle and ask: "What does this 'Bah!' mean?" And an old timer answers: "'Bah!' speaks more than it means whenever it is spoken."

That was the story the young rat under the oleanders, under the roses, told the other young rat while the two sweetheart dippies sat on the fence in the moonlight looking at the lumber and listening. The young rat who told the story hardly got started eating the nail he was chewing, while the young rat that did the listening chewed up and swallowed down a whole nail.

As the two dippies on the fence looked at the running wild oleander and the running wild rambler roses over the lumber in the moonlight, they said to each other: "It's easy to be a dippy . . . among the dippies . . . isn't it?" And they climbed down from the fence and went home in the moonlight.

Our Town and the Championship Bout

By G. ROBINSON

OUR TOWN is the closest town of any size to Shelby, where on July 4 Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, will defend his title against Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul.

Gibbons has established training quarters in Our Town, a decision reached after a visit when the city brass band, the fire truck, and most of the inhabitants met the heavyweight aspirant at the train and followed him in admiring throngs as he was shown the advantages Our Town possessed for the establishment of ideal training quarters—and incidentally after a substantial sum of money for the purchase of tickets to the fight had been promised. Our Town must raise $25,000. There has been no indication that the quota will not be met. Indeed tickets are very much in demand, for everyone is going to the bout, perhaps the only championship boxing match we will ever be privileged to see. Recently there appeared signs in all of the hotels in the enterprising little town of Shelby that after the first of June rooms would be $15 a day. That doesn't bother us. We shall merely pack up the flivver and pay a dollar a foot or more for sleeping space on the prairie.

The mere fact that Tommy Gibbons will train in our midst is enough to make us happy. We like to think of the nation-, yea world-wide, advertising Montana is getting by successfully putting across such a stupendous thing as a World's Championship bout. Then, too, Shelby is only 105 miles from Our Town, and when the eyes of the sporting world are focused on that place Our Town will be within the visual range.

Our Town is situated in what is known as the dry-land farming section of Montana. For miles the prairies are dotted with the forsaken shacks of farmers who have given up after years of struggling against hot winds that sear the grain to shriveled spears before it is ten inches high, grasshoppers that come in clouds and leave the land as bare as an alkali flat, hail that beats even the tough sage-brush into the ground, or weeks of moistureless days that leave the country gasping in brown desolation.

Within the past two years two banks in Our Town have

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failed and at least six others in smaller towns in the county have been forced to close their doors. One loan company has foreclosed 100 farm mortgages during the past year, and at one session of our district court twenty-seven foreclosures were signed. More than half of our taxpayers have been delinquent for three years. There are five grade-schools in the town, attended by 600 children. These schools closed after an eight months' term this year because of inadequate funds. Seventy-five per cent of the teachers in our grade schools have refused to return next year because the school board will require them to teach nine months' school for eight months' wages; that is, they will receive the same salary as they did the past year and will have to teach nine months in order to keep our schools on the accredited list in the State. The Red Cross has not had enough money to pay the telephone bill and the secretary has worked on civilian relief and soldier compensation cases for two months without one penny of her salary.

The County Agent, whose job it was to organize the farmers in the county, to give demonstrations on various farm subjects, to help the farmers build reservoirs and ditches to hoard the scant spring rainfall, to discover new ways of making dry-land farming pay, resigned his position in January and as an economy move it has been decided that his place will remain vacant. Because of a cut in the appropriation by the legislature to the State University the work of the experiment farm, which is a branch of the Agricultural College, has been reduced by half.

Already from the farming communities come reports that the grasshoppers have appeared in such numbers that many farmers have abandoned all hope of a crop again this year—the seventh in succession. Many stopped their spring seeding. Next fall still more farms will be deserted. The fence posts will be hauled miles to be used as firewood by some farmer more courageous—or more unfortunate in that he has no other place to go. And the range cattle will find shelter in the weathering shacks.

But we in Our Town are all going to the big fight at Shelby. We along with all the other towns in Montana are going to get our share of pleasure for our share of the $300,000 paid Jack Dempsey for risking his title. We are going to show Tommy, as we already familiarly call the challenger, that we know how to entertain a celebrity. He will be asked to speak to our school children, our Rotary, our Welfare Club, and our woman's clubs.

The night before Tommy Gibbons leaves for Shelby we will, in all probability, put on a huge celebration with free ice cream and confetti and a gorgeous display of fireworks, costing, we will boast, such and such a sum of money in cold cash but worth every penny of it; for we are showing that our hearts are in the right place, and We Are Putting Our Town on the Map.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM E. BORAH is Senator from Idaho.

UPTON SINCLAIR is the author of "The Goose-Step."

JOHN MERRIMAN GAUS has just resigned as associate professor of political science at Amherst College.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN has just resigned as president of Amherst College.

CARL SANDBURG is known for his verse and fiction.

G. ROBINSON is a Montana journalist.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter has had considerable fear for the future of this nation. Things seemed generally to be going to rack and ruin, and the old traditions of plenty and generosity and neighborliness have seemed far away. Recently, however, his faith was restored. Man, it appears, is not only lavishly provided with sustenance but he is willing, even anxious, to dispense it bountifully. At least, this is the state of affairs at country hotels. They are all about alike, the Drifter finds: long and low, with potted geraniums along the front windows. Dinner is served at twelve sharp; none of your new-fangled lunches at midday and dinner at 7:30. The proprietor himself presides behind the desk and himself conducts you to the dining-room. Nor does a three-day growth of beard detract from his hospitality. The waitresses are evidently his daughters and it is they who bear the plenty to the famished guests.

* * * * *

WITH the soup come young delectable onions, rhubarb, raw cabbage, and prunes. The meat follows, accompanied by the inevitable potato and the verdant pea. There is milk to drink and soft ginger cakes to nibble at in between, and for dessert three kinds of pie and rice pudding! The Drifter has a feeling that he has left out one or two things but the essentials are recorded. And each one is properly seasoned, perfectly cooked, and nicely served. Having partaken a little too lavishly at the beginning, the Drifter finds himself unable to eat the pie. Swaggering slightly he makes his way back to the desk. "What," says he, "is the price of that princely repast?" "Seventy-five cents," replies his host with a kind smile, and the Drifter pays with pleasure.

* * * * *

THIS is the way he dined half-way across the country. In New York City food seems scarce and the money to buy it scarcer. Out in the country there is more than enough for everyone, and everyone is able to enjoy it. This generosity and courtesy goes hand in hand with the twelve o'clock dinner hour—and with the nineteenth-century system of interior decoration. No cretonne covers hide the good oak chairs. The walls are frankly light blue with not one red peacock or spotted canary to mar their smooth, clean surface. A few still lifes do hang about, to be sure: a box of strawberries turned on its side; a bowl of oranges; a glassy-eyed fish or two. But on the whole the only decoration is cleanliness and order. The tablecloths and curtains are snowy white; the thick, substantial china shines; a faint smell of soap recently applied hangs over the whole room.

* * * * *

THE sight of a room like this demonstrates how little the twentieth century means to the great mass of the people. Their sons and daughters may go to the cities and become "modern." If they stay in the towns they will observe the old ways. They may have automobiles and electric lights, but golden-oak is still their favorite furniture and doughnuts for breakfast still follow the bacon and eggs. They have not even lost their faith in government, and the President of the United States is a good man who fills a hard job as well as he can. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Only an I.W.W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The columned walls of the chapel of the Los Angeles crematory softly echoed a new burial ritual on the afternoon of June 2, when young Paul Borgen, martyr I.W.W., was borne to his final rest by his fellow-workers of the Marine Transport Workers of the Los Angeles harbor.

The Rev. Fred R. Wedge, Presbyterian minister, who served twelve days in jail for active sympathy in the harbor strike at San Pedro, preached a sermon having the new proletarian interpretations of the life and words of the Industrial Worker of Nazareth, the migratory worker of Galilee.

Then the shock-troops of the great non-resistant strike, broad-shouldered stevedores and longshoremen and deep-water seamen, rose. They were all fresh from jail and stockade, 300 having been released the day before. Led by the tuneful voice of fellow-worker Duke, the voice which was one of the balance wheels of the strike, they sang as the early Christians in their caves and catacombs must have sung, the "Prison Hymn" of the I.W.W.:

> In California's darkened dungeons,
> For the O.B.U.,
> Remember you're outside for us
> While we're inside for you.

Then they swung to "Solidarity Forever" and, gathering volume, swept into the martial strains and tragic lines of "The Red Flag."

Borgen was arrested in a raid on an I.W.W. hall in December, and remained in jail sixty-five days with no complaint filed against him. During that time he lost forty pounds in weight. He was finally released without trial only to go to the hospital and die in a few days of pneumonia, contracted, it is believed, from sleeping on the cold floor of the crowded prison.

Los Angeles, June 15 VIRGINIA OWEN

School Tyranny in Seattle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some eight or ten high-school teachers were nonplussed recently when they received the following letter:

> I am directed by the board of education to inform you that your name will be withheld from the list of teachers elected until an investigation is completed relative to a meeting of teachers that was held the last of June or the first of July, 1922, at which time a statement was prepared denouncing the board for certain action relative to salaries.
>
> I hope this investigation will be completed within a few days.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
>
> T. R. COLE, Superintendent.

Some of the teachers sought enlightenment of the board members as to the nature of the evidence against them. These gentlemen informed the teachers that in a certain meeting, date uncertain, the accused teachers, acting for the High School Teachers' League, adopted a resolution denouncing the board for cutting wages, a copy of which resolution they were supposed to have transmitted to the Central Labor Council of Seattle, or to one of the affiliated groups of that body. Teachers inquiring at the office of the secretary of the Central Labor Council were told that no communication from the high-school teachers had ever been received there.

Board members further informed the teachers that copies of the alleged resolutions had come many months before to three members of that body: to Ebenezer Shorrock, banker; to W. J. Santmyer, Stone and Webster engineer, and to E. F. Taylor, Northwest representative of Dodd, Mead and Company, all notorious for their antagonism toward the teachers. The copies were typewritten, and the signatures were also typewritten. Only a little less than a year ago the board unanimously approved a resolution to disregard every communication bearing a typewritten signature! When the teachers requested that the board allow them to see the copies of the resolution, they were told that they had been lost!

Unable to produce evidence—even anonymous testimony with a typewritten signature, which their own rules forbade them to consider—the board finally, after a delay of two weeks, sent the teachers their contracts. But the contracts were not accompanied by an apology for the false and baseless accusation. This is certainly due the teachers since some of them have worked faithfully in the system for more than fifteen years, and particularly since no resolution denunciatory of the board of education has ever been introduced in a meeting of the high-school teachers of Seattle.

And what have the Seattle papers said about all of this? Not a syllable. The Seattle *Daily Times* which "Prints all the News That's Fit to Print" has the entire story, has had it for two weeks from both the president of the board and from the high-school teachers, but has said nary a word.

Seattle, Washington, May 15 WEBB FOOTE

Ku Kluxism in the Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through the influence of the Ku Klux, Catholic teachers in the Clarksburg (West Virginia) Independent School District and the adjacent Coal District schools are being refused positions for next year. Among those dismissed is a Miss ——, an efficient principal at Tiessing. She has been in the service of the district for a number of years, but the board of directors of Coal District suddenly finds her religion is a barrier. Another to be dismissed is Miss ——, librarian of Victory high school, Coal District. A third whose position is in danger (I do not yet know whether she was reappointed) is Miss ——, teacher of French in Victory high school. These splendid women, and others as well, are slated for dismissal. They are Catholics and the Ku Klux is in the saddle.

Akron, Ohio, June 4 DAVID H. PIERCE

Our Free Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very much interested in your recent editorial concerning the refusal of two Detroit papers to take an advertisement featuring your article on Why Henry Ford Should Not Be President. My publishers have had a similar experience concerning my book, "Crucibles of Crime," which is an exposé of the iniquitous county-jail system in America. The book covers the jails of practically every State in the Union. When advertisements of the book were submitted to the *Daily Democrat*, Tallahassee, Florida, and the *Herald* of Miami, Florida—the advertisements setting forth that Florida jails were discussed—both of these papers refused to run it.

New York, June 13 JOSEPH F. FISHMAN

"Let Freedom Ring!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express through your magazine my deep gratitude to the American Legion posts of San Francisco and to the Better America Federation of California for permitting Feodor Chaliapin to appear in two concerts in San Francisco. I hope that the Chaliapin recitals will not prove detrimental to the form of our government, just as the performance of the Moscow Art Theater in New York did not affect the stability of our government. It is indeed a gratifying combination of affairs to grant music lovers the right to pursuit of happiness and at the same time leave our patriotism intact.

Sacramento, California, June 1 S. POTASHNICK

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Books

The Democrat's Handbook

On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859. 2s. 6d.

THIS brief but weighty treatise is the work of the distinguished author of the "Principles of Political Economy." Mr. Mill, as is generally known, is the son of the late James Mill, who was co-founder with the late Jeremy Bentham of that school of political and moral philosophy commonly called the utilitarian. We preface our remarks thus lest our readers, astounded at some of the extremes to which Mr. Mill's reasoning leads him, may think his doctrines the result of French extravagance or the vanities of German idealism. Whatever he professes is drawn from those great traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race which have made the polities founded by the members of that race the admiration and envy of the world.

It is the purpose of Mr. Mill in this work to inquire into "the nature and limits of the power which can legitimately be exercised by society over the individual." That there is such a power he, like all thinking men, takes for granted. But he is animated chiefly by his fear of the exaggeration and undue exertion of that power. Those who have fondly believed that democracy, by making the rulers the delegates of the people, has gone far to curb the injustice which society may inflict on its members, will receive a rude shock if they will follow the able reasoning of Mr. Mill. He points out that protection "against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion" is much more sorely needed than protection against that of the magistrate, and that no liberty is worthy of the name that does not leave free "all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it affects others only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived participation." To that portion of individual liberty he assigns the conscience, all tastes and pursuits, and the right of the like-minded to combine.

Nor is this all. Mr. Mill insists that the right publicly to proclaim the promptings of one's conscience and the deductions of one's reason is absolute in its nature and can be abrogated by no conceivable circumstances. For, he reasons, to silence any discussion or forbid the expression of any opinion on any pretext is to assert the infallibility of that state or majority which issues the edict. But such an assertion is manifestly absurd. We must indeed, for purposes of action, assume the truth of what opinion we hold. But the very condition which gives us the right to make that assumption is that others may have "complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion." In a long and affecting passage Mr. Mill shows that it was men who were zealous only for their opinion, careless of truth, and intolerant of discussion, good conservative patriots and citizens, who gave Socrates the hemlock and condemned Jesus to the Cross. Hence he sees in such intolerance and in the possibility of the silencing of any opinion or shade of opinion the gravest danger that threatens the corporate life of mankind. In the modern democracies of English speech "the yoke of public opinion is perhaps heavier," Mr. Mill asserts, than it has sometimes been under governments oligarchic or even autocratic in form. The tyranny of the majority over the minority he esteems the most immediate menace of our moral and political life. The majority, conscious of its power, is but little likely to inquire into the truth of its opinions and hence, according to Mr. Mill, "if either of two opinions has a better claim than the other, not merely to be tolerated, but to be encouraged and countenanced, it is the one which happens in the particular time and place to be in a minority." Any one who has followed Mr. Mill's reasoning thus far will not be astonished at the ultimate conclusion to which that reasoning leads him: "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would no more be justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

Those who are somewhat conversant with the utilitarian philosophy will not suppose that Mr. Mill argues for liberty on merely abstract grounds. What he fears for modern society under the tyranny of majorities is the increasing "danger of mediocrity," the elimination of powerful and original and creative characters, a dead uniformity of taste and opinion and method of life that will finally lead to a more than Chinese stagnation. "The pinched and hide-bound type of human character" the universalizing of which is, Mr. Mill thinks, the aim of the forces of open and stealthy Calvinism in our civilization, will never fare forth to "discover new truths" or "commence new practices." Yet it is only by discovering new truths and commencing new practices that progress, nay, that the essential life of civilization can be sustained. There is little hope for a society or a government that does not permit or countenance "different experiments of living," "freedom and variety of situations," "individual vigor and manifold diversity." To the timid and conventional this will seem a dangerous doctrine. It is their own timidity that misleads them. "The danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences." Not only will genius and so progress perish in a society which insists on sameness and rigidity of thought and action, but also the happiness of the individual. For "it is the privilege and proper condition of a human being to use and interpret experience in his own way."

We have left ourselves no space to animadvert upon Mr. Mill's particular applications of the doctrines he upholds. It can be said for him that he is wanting in neither logic nor intrepidity. Regarding "all restraint qua *restraint as evil" he pleads for the right of men to break all engagements that have become devoid of inner meaning and survive as mere forms, and hence asserts that "the most important of these engagements, marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both parties are in harmony with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it."*

We can promise our readers rich instruction and entertainment from the perusal of this little work. Stimulating it may be to them; it should cause no astonishment to the citizens of a republic whose fundamental charter guarantees "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Dance of Life

The Dance of Life. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THE seven essays which comprise this book are rich in the gold of suggestive thought and fulfilled of the power of expression. With a sanity of mind that is rare among his contemporary adventurers in the fields of philosophy, Mr. Havelock Ellis tells us of his own attitude toward life, and in the telling invites us to take our stand with him. So lucid is the exposition and so appealing is the invitation that the impression is left on us of a book which the world will not lightly pass by. This book is not the tale of a traveler's survey of a country he has viewed from a Pisgah height of distance; it is, in the best sense, the account of an actual sojourn, of a life really lived in a land where work is but a means to an end, and where the end itself is lost in the joy of living. For Mr. Ellis has been writing this book for the past fifteen years.

Mr. Ellis is not a philosopher in the academic sense; he is a humanist in the living sense. He has learning, but he has wisdom, the wisdom of the cultured mind that distils the perfume of the relations between things. He presents the truth rationalized both of poetry and religion. What the artist and the mystic have seen as in a glass darkly is here brought into the common light of day and shown by its beauty to be of the essential values of life for all. He begins by pointing out that alike the joy of accomplishment, the ecstasy of contemplation,

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and the enhancement of thought are the results of a rhythmic movement which is in the very nature of existence, and which may be symbolized as dancing. Rhythm and harmony are of the essence of every process by which nature and human nature unfold themselves. In the movements of the waves on the shore, in the combinations of the elements into compounds, in the motions of the stars, in the growth of plants and organized living things, in the activities of man's thinking and dreaming and aspiring there is evinced a movement which is rhythmic and harmonious. This movement of life, both in its material and spiritual aspects, can be appreciated but not measured. It is only when we view it as art that we precipitate its values. By any other method of measurement the complex of intellectual, material, and moral facts which we call civilization is deprived of its validity and stability. The lesson taught by history is that civilizations flourish and then die. They are "a spiritual senility, an end which with inner necessity is reached again and again." Viewed from their intellectual side, their so-called "progress" winds up in the defeat of the creative instinct by the possessive instinct, and results in misery and suicide.

All our civilizations have been measured by quantitative standards—the abstractions of unreality—and the results of our measurements have been but the unreality of abstractions. We must now distinguish between a civilization of quantity and one of quality. A civilization of quality cannot be measured; it can only be evaluated, and the method of evaluating is the method of art.

Art cannot be defined, because it is infinite. But whatever we may mean by the word, it connotes the process which makes it the natural midwife of nature. It is man's way of assisting nature in its evolutionary work. "It is the reality of what we imperfectly term 'morality'." There are two aspects to this human faculty—the creative and the contemplative. The one is concerned with making, and the other with enjoying. One is art proper, the other is aesthetics. Art does the work; aesthetics evaluates its qualities. If it is the province of art to realize beauty, it is the function of aesthetics to see and appreciate beauty. This seeing of beauty is a contemplative exercise and is akin to that of the mystic in religion, to the poet in literature, and to the lover in life. The development of this aesthetic sense is indispensable if civilization is to pass safely through its critical period, and attain any degree of persistence. The cultivation of this faculty for distinguishing qualities and enjoying them is as necessary as was the development of the optic nerve for distinguishing separate objects by means of sight, and our evolutionary energy must be directed consciously to that end. For in the power to draw joy from the images of things without possessing them lies the fuller life of man's future. The mere possession of the thing is a barren relationship to which neither the possessor nor the possessed contribute their essential values. But in the enjoyment of the thing's beauty both are involved in an experience of joy. It is this experience also which confers on the relationship the characters of morality. The aesthetic power is egoistic, but unlike other egoisms it leads to no destructive struggles.

"Its powers of giving satisfaction are not dissipated by the number of those who secure that satisfaction. Aesthetic contemplation engenders neither hatred nor envy. Unlike the things that appeal to the possessive instinct, it brings men together and increases sympathy. Unlike those moralities which are compelled to institute prohibitions, the aesthetic sense, even in the egoistic pursuit of its own ends, becomes blended with morality, and so serves in the task of maintaining society."

As the mother soothes her child with some bright object, and not with sermons, so the artist shows us the beauty of the world and fills us with joy. It is in this way that the Adventure of Existence is justified.

"Every great artist, a Dante or a Shakespeare, a Dostoevski or a Proust, thus furnishes the metaphysical justification of existence by the beauty of the vision he presents of the cruelty and the horror of existence. All the pain and the madness, even the ugliness and the commonplace of the world, he converts into shining jewels. By revealing the spectacular character of reality he restores the serenity of its innocence. We see the face of the world as of a lovely woman smiling through her tears."

It is to M. Jules de Gaultier that Havelock Ellis is indebted for this philosophic justification for his valuation of life as an art comparable to the art of dancing which, in its origin and manifestations, is the most joyous and fullest of all arts and the one that calls for man himself in its exercise. It is the business of society to breed dancers in whom the aesthetic sense is alert, and it is Havelock Ellis's opinion that it must do so by some eugenic process if human evolution is not to degenerate into devolution. Our utilitarian democracies are doomed if they do not provide the leisure for the workers in which to grow and fit themselves for those spiritual exercises which make for the joy of the dance of life.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Eternal Rome

A History of Rome. By Tenney Frank. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

The Founding of the Roman Empire. By Frank Burr Marsh. The University of Texas Press. $3.50.

Rome and the World Today. By Herbert S. Hadley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

History of the Later Roman Empire: From the Death of Theodosius I to the Death of Justinian. By J. B. Bury. The Macmillan Company. 2 volumes. $14.

TENNEY FRANK has long been known as one of our foremost Latinists, but of so discriminating and urbane a type as to set him off from those of the feather of Dean West. He has never allowed an interest in Latin syntax so to absorb him as to cause him to lose sight of the contributions of Roman civilization, and his arguments for a cultivation of a knowledge of the Roman life have rested primarily upon an appreciation of the cultural gains to the individual to be secured thereby, rather than upon the punitive pedagogical ideal which has constituted the rallying-point of most classicists. He is probably the closest American counterpart of Warde Fowler in this respect. Mr. Frank had made notable contributions to Roman history before the publication of the present work. He had produced a thorough study of Roman Imperialism, an original biography of Virgil, and, above all, an Economic History of Rome, which deserves to rank with the few best American achievements in writing the economic history of any country or any age.

It is an interesting and curious fact that while up to 1922 no American scholar had produced a textbook of a college grade on Roman history, two have appeared within the last year, one by A. E. R. Boak, and the work of Mr. Frank under review. As compared with Mr. Boak's volume, Mr. Frank has made far greater concessions to the conceptions and methods of the "new history." It is less compressed, and less avowedly and exclusively political, diplomatic, and military. Every phase of Roman culture is treated with relative thoroughness. Some six out of the thirty-two chapters are entirely devoted to economic activities, social life, law, literature, and art, and much culture-history is found throughout other portions of the book. Chapter XXI is a marvel of condensation and clarity in treating a broad field of economic history. Though evidently somewhat rapidly composed, the volume is clearly written, the needs of the general reader being kept in mind throughout, sometimes to the exclusion of certain phases of the formal mechanics of textbook-making.

There are few points at which the reviewer would care to criticize the work. It would probably be improved by a general organization into major periods of Roman development and de-

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cline. Undoubtedly the later Roman Empire is treated too briefly when it is not ignored entirely. One misses the economic and social material on this period which enriched Dill's treatment of the last century of the Western Empire. The importance of Gaul for the Roman Empire and early medieval institutions, so well brought out by Ferrero, Fustel, and Jullian, is practically ignored. And one who has read W. L. Westermann's notable article on the economic causes of the decline of classical society will feel that Mr. Frank does not adequately assess (see p. 571) the effect of these material factors operating in the complex of influences producing the gradual disintegration of Roman society and culture. Little attention is given to the problems of imperial administration and reorganization, an omission which the author defends. On the whole, however, few competent critics will be likely to question the assertion that for a combination of modernity of viewpoint, clear exposition, reliability, and proportion the book is not equaled by another of its general type in the English language.

The work by Mr. Marsh is a relatively detailed account of the stirring events in Roman history from the time of Pompey to the establishment of the empire by Augustus. While rather conventional in tone and content, the episodical and biographical elements do not loom so large as to obscure the revelation of the development of party issues and leaders, and the evolution of definite new types of constitutional machinery. Julius Caesar, naturally, plays a central role in this drama, and Mr. Marsh devotes a long and discriminating chapter to Caesar's policies, which avoids extreme approval or disparagement. Augustus is regarded as having triumphed through tact, judgment, astuteness, and restraint rather than force and originality. Mr. Marsh contends that the pressure of practical necessity, and the force of circumstances, rather than the design or wish of Augustus, led to the end of the Republic and the establishment of the Empire. The economic and social aspects of this important revolution are scarcely touched upon. While the book is not an imposing example of original research or in any sense an illustration of the newer type of dynamic and synthetic history, it is a commendable and reliable effort to reconstruct and summarize the political history of this important epoch on the basis of the results of the researches of the last generation of students in this field.

Ex-Governor, now Professor, Hadley has made an earnest effort to write pragmatic history. Like others from Dionysius to Bolingbroke, he believes that history is chiefly useful as "philosophy teaching by example." He has attempted to cheer those despondent concerning European and American society under the sway of Drs. Poincaré and Harding by assuring them that the times were equally out of joint in the period following the civil wars of the later Roman Republic, and yet the Roman polity was saved by the genius of Augustus, who is the real hero of the book, and about whose reign the discussion centers. While critical historians are inclined to view with suspicion and incredulity the overworking of precise analogies in history, it is true that there are interesting similarities between the conditions following 31 B.C. and 1918 A.D., and Mr. Hadley has rather cleverly and effectively developed these. While rather overeulogistic in the treatment of Augustus, the picture of his reign and policies is not inaccurate in its major outlines. Though the book is based on secondary works in English, and these not always the best or discriminatingly used, it is a creditable performance for a scholarly publicist. That the term "the scholar in politics" is an elastic and encompassing one may well be observed by comparing Mr. Hadley's work with a somewhat similar earlier effort, in scope, by Dr. James Hamilton Lewis, "Two Great Republics: Rome and the United States." The author does not make it clear who is to be the modern Augustus to save us from the impending disintegration of Western civilization, but one familiar with Mr. Hadley's political past may hazard a modest guess that he died on January 6, 1919.

Two works more widely separated in nature and content than Mr. Hadley's and the ponderous volumes of Mr. Bury could scarcely be imagined. Not even Mr. Frank can rank with Bury as an authority on the whole range of Greek and Roman history. He has made important contributions to most phases of classical history from the earliest days of Greek development to the later period of the Eastern Empire. The present work is an intensive and detailed study of the Germanic invasions and the period of Justinian, covering the first part of the era treated in his "Later Roman Empire," published in 1889—his first notable contribution to historical literature. In the first volume he surveys once more the perennially absorbing subject of the infiltration of the "barbarians" into the Roman Empire, on the basis of the most critical use of the original sources. His conclusions are completely disruptive of the old myth of a cataclysmic swarming of myriad Germanic hosts, which has been created and perpetuated by Charles Kingsley and those who have followed him. The Germans came in slowly, were few in numbers, created relatively little additional confusion, and preserved for a considerable time the old imperial fictions. The second volume is devoted chiefly to the exploits and reforms of Justinian, and the author justly claims that this is not only the most recent but also the most thorough treatment of the reign of Justinian to be found in any historical work. The book is a model of patient research, distinguished alike for a mastery of original sources and acquaintance with recent monographs. It is, however, strictly political and military history, embracing little social, economic, or cultural material, and making no extensive attempt at an interpretation of events. In fact, no other historian known to the reviewer possesses the dualistic capacity of Mr. Bury to display conspicuous talent for achievement in cultural and interpretative history along with remarkable patience in grinding out conventional compendiums of intensive narrative and episodical history. It would seem that the author of "The Ancient Greek Historians," "The History of the Freedom of Thought," and "The Idea of Progress" must possess a most saving and impelling sense of humor to carry him through the tedium of preparing "A History of Greece," or "The History of the Later Roman Empire."

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Case of the Immigrant

The Immigrant's Day in Court. By Kate Holladay Claghorn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE function of the court and the law should be to secure justice and to create respect for the state whose authority they represent. "The Immigrant's Day in Court," which is the ninth volume of the Carnegie Corporation's Americanization Studies, is mainly devoted to showing how the "court," which includes also the laws, falls short of securing either of these ends.

On the one side are the officers of the court in whom wisdom and justice do not always dwell, and on the other side is the immigrant whose ignorance, crudeness, helplessness, and alien status make prejudice and impatience easy. We must not forget that the immigrant is maladjusted in a thousand ways which make his case more difficult—in customs, in social and moral codes, in industry, and in language. He is the very summation of exploitability. Miss Claghorn has drawn an accurate and detailed picture of both sides of the shield so that one may learn a great deal, not only about the immigrant, but about the personnel and the methods of the courts which are thrown into high relief by the difficulty of the immigrant problem. Prejudice, corruption, and technicality often supplant sympathy, honesty, and flexibility. Exploitability begets exploitation; the corrupt lawyer and his more corrupt "runner" hover like vultures over the immigrant in trouble. Questions of money which grow out of a great variety of conditions; troubles of family disorganization which come from the replacing in American life by irresponsibility the firm social con-

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trol of the native village; the troubles of labor which inhere in the industrial status of the immigrants, all these furnish problems of what might be called common justice.

Our system was devised to meet the needs of a rural homogeneous population, and it has never been reorganized to meet the needs of an urban heterogeneous population. People who are interested in bringing about a better adaptation of legal procedure to modern conditions will find in this book a mass of detail and good judgment.

In addition to the courts proper there is the mass of regulative and discriminatory law which applies to immigration and naturalization. From the point of view of the purpose of these laws, namely, to secure better citizens for America, the measure of success is found in the attitudes of the people to whom they apply. Many of these laws are just and understandable, but some are pernicious, and many are confused and confusing, and some, like the alien income tax, are discriminatory, and in individual cases often unjust.

The deportations of 1919-20 are described in full, and since they fell in last analysis under the authority of the Department of Justice they belong to the "court." Merely feeling ashamed, as all good Americans eventually will, for this episode will not wipe out the harm done to America. Jerome Davis in "The Russian Immigrant" shows that the bitterness aroused by the prejudice and injustice of that period, of which the deportations were the tangible symbol, makes every Russian community aggressively hostile to America. If this reaction were limited to Russians the numerical problem would not be so serious, but it has made every alien nationality feel disillusioned about America.

As an Americanizing agency this book shows that the laws and their enforcement have been not only a failure but a detriment. Assimilation depends on the way people feel, not on how they conform. As Miss Claghorn says: "What can be the effect on the immigrant who has gone through these raids and arrests? One effect, as has been pointed out, must be intellectual confusion, resulting from the different decisions of different government officials as to the meaning of the anarchy clauses of the immigration law. . . . We have seen, in the study of cases presented here, how some of the people felt about it, and it is to be remembered that for one person actually arrested and ordered deported there are perhaps hundreds of foreign born who have been the object of attack by local authorities, who were not ordered deported, who remain here, but who are learning an unfortunate lesson in government and citizenship. . . . If we want the alien to respect government and the orderly processes of the law we certainly do not want to give him examples of mob rule and lynch law, or law mixed with loot."

On the whole the picture is a dark one, but our conviction of sin is not yet deep enough so that the lesson of experience has been learned. Another chapter will need to be added if the bill for the registration of aliens and the payment of an annual fee is passed. These measures, with most of the anti-sedition clauses urged by Mitchell Palmer in his evil day but for which native Americans would not stand, were in the bills proposed by Representative Johnson and Senator Shortridge in the last Congress. They are to be pushed again by the Department of Labor, urged by Raymond Crist of the Bureau of Citizenship. It would be hard to conceive more pernicious legislation, and yet it is one with the recent applications and perversions of the law in dealing with the immigrant.

Miss Claghorn offers few constructive suggestions. A change of attitude toward the immigrant is, of course, the most fundamental necessity, and that is larger than a question of law. There are persons, communities, and organizations whose activity is mitigating the bitterness which has been engendered. Legal aid societies do a great deal, but their scope is more or less arbitrarily limited. There seems to be no alternative except to reap the whirlwind, but reading this book will show us where to repent.

HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER

For the Freedom of India

India in World Politics. By Taraknath Das. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25.

"I HAVE read Das's book. It is indeed 'valuable' and will open many eyes, letting people see that England's dominance of India is a world menace." So writes an Englishman; and the careful reader of "India in World Politics," with its authoritative tone, its obvious sincerity, and withal its innumerable citations from English, American, and other authorities, is likely to incline toward his point of view. With certain minor changes this book might well have been entitled "An Outline of World Politics" and expanded into a two-volume work. As it stands it is a good source-book especially for all political and academic connections. Could the book be read and taken to heart by our statesmen it would give this country what it lacks today—a definite foreign policy. Put into the hands of our youth it ought to give us future leaders who might create such a policy. But—

Several conclusions are bound to take shape as one catches the drift of the author's argument: first, that British control of India is an important factor in international relations; second, that this control has tempted Britain to extend her mastery widely, especially in Asia; and third, that such extended control is undeniably a source of continued diplomatic irritation leading to perpetual war. From the point of view of an Indian, Mr. Das holds that India is morally as well as physically the center of the world struggle for peace, and for that reason should be entirely free from foreign rule; and his conclusions may lead his readers to believe with him that this great country, which breathes the idealism of Rajdharma (ruling based on righteousness), must be a factor in bringing about this world peace, which today the "tottering insolence of the West" so seriously threatens.

The Introduction which Robert Morss Lovett has contributed to this big little book is a model of clear thinking and straightforward phraseology. Perhaps the most significant passages are those which deal with that "plunderbund," the League of Nations, and the "hypocritical imperialism"—both British and American—which it would buttress and perpetuate. "Modern imperialism," he says, "is no longer frankly predatory. It . . . sentimentalizes itself as the white man's burden." In the opinion of Mr. Lovett, Mr. Das has given in this résumé of predatory imperialism a judgment and a warning. "With (our) account opened in the ledger of imperialism," he points out, "we tend to be less critical of the solvency of other imperialistic enterprises."

A reading of "India in World Politics" cannot but make us more critical, and such criticism will be our safe-conduct to the territory of friendly peoples, and a guaranty that our goal is, not national vandalism, but the internation.

BLANCHE WATSON

Caillaux on Europe

Whither France? Whither Europe? By Joseph Caillaux. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

EUROPE seems to be in a fair way of solving the vexing problem of what to do with ex-presidents and ex-premiers. She sets them to writing books. Caillaux has the advantage of most of them—he has produced his third post-war book. "Agadir" and "Mes Prisons" took the bitterness of self-justification out of his system and in "Whither France? Whither Europe?" he is able to consider Europe impersonally. He also has the advantage, rare among politicians, of a really first-class economic mind. He did not, like Viviani, rise to fame as a Socialist and then, when within reach of power, move to a safely moderate position; nor is he so narrowly French. Caillaux reads English, Italian, and German—he is, in his outlook,

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essentially a "good European." Political discredit and banishment from the capital, with the resultant freedom from political exigencies, have done his mind no harm.

What, then, does this ablest of French ex-premiers say? That "absorption of German merchandise and utilization of German labor to reconstruct the devastated regions" would enable France to recover most with least harm to the economy of Europe and the world (the articles of which this book is composed were written in 1921); that 30 to 40 billions of gold francs would be an optimistic estimate of possible reparations; that England and the United States should accept German bonds in payment of their debts; that steps toward federation of the production of nations are necessary, and that while within the states parliamentary assemblies should be maintained with political powers, complete control of the economic state should be handed over to new organizations—"in a word, to combine western democracy with Russian sovietism."

This is good if rather indifferent liberal doctrine. It would be encouraging if one could believe that such doctrine were common among French politicians. But Caillaux had to write his articles in a little dissenting paper, *Le Progrès Civique;* and his own party does not yet dare demand the return of his forfeited civic rights. He is still being punished for his pre-war policy of rapprochement with Germany. Nevertheless the hope of those who look for a restoration of the old Europe lies in just such shrewd, cautious, economic minds as Caillaux's.

L. S. G.

Monumental Scholarship

The Jews in Egypt and in Palestine Under the Fatimids. By Jacob Mann, M.A., D.Lit. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $12.

A History of the Church to A. D. *461.* By B. J. Kidd, D.D. Three volumes. Oxford University Press. $19.35.

A SCHOLARLY work should command reverence and awe. Even when it is the product of a seedy gradgrind, of a humorless, nerveless, human source-drill, it is a poetic and magnificent thing. The sheer labor involved in the building of it, the terrible because repressed passion it reveals in him who could spend years in gathering the material and meticulously putting it together, should make a reviewer profoundly humble in approaching it. Especially so, however, when the work explores utterly virgin forest and is as thorough as Dr. Mann's dissertation on the Jews under the Fatimids. The history of the Jews in Palestine and Egypt during the Dark Ages was practically unknown to us until several years ago some scraps of old Hebrew prayer-books and other writings were discovered in an ancient synagogue limbo in Cairo by Professors Schechter and Taylor. It being forbidden to destroy all worn-out prayer-books and other sacred documents, Jews were compelled to store them away in *genizoth,* hiding-places, and thus with the scraps which the ancients rejected the moderns have laid the foundation of the history of the Jews during several centuries.

Professor Mann is the first to explore this material with any thoroughness and order, and his work is perhaps the most original contribution in the field of Judaica in a generation or more. On the basis of some two hundred fragmentary documents (they fill the whole of the second volume) painstakingly pieced together and translated from the tortured Hebrew of the period, he fills an hiatus in Jewish history with startling data. It seems that Jewish life in Palestine by no means ceased with the Dispersion, but that literary productiveness and social activity flourished there for many centuries thereafter and to a degree never dreamed of even by the most daring of past historians. For its significance and its consecration to learning, Professor Mann's work is monumental.

Professor Kidd's three volumes on early church history are of the lesser breed among scholarly works, since they explore no dark continents or even corners, but merely retread well-trodden paths with perhaps more elaborate attention to the flints and pebbles that make them clear. Still the work is an imposing one, and it commands respect if only because it is the result of almost forty years of research. Even though it reveals a lack of familiarity with the rich Talmudic material on the period, though it is vitiated somewhat by the evident high-church prejudices of the author, it is still perhaps the completest and most competent account of the early Christian church to be found in the English language.

LEWIS BROWNE

Books in Brief

Suggestion and Medical Analysis. By William Brown. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Dr. Brown is a well-known London specialist in nerves and mental diseases. Incidentally between the first and second editions of this book one notes that Dr. Brown has moved to Harley Street. This little book is designed for the lay reader, but the author has not entirely avoided technical phraseology. Dr. Brown has, however, given us a book which is a very fair-minded presentation of the subject. He discusses M. Coué with considerable, but not unlimited, approval and with a kindly tolerance. On the whole it is a readable book and scientifically sound.

The Fern Lover's Companion. By George Henry Tilton. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

There is a peculiar fascination about ferns. They choose the edges of the loveliest waterfalls, the most magnificent rocky cliffs, the greenest glades, the deepest bogs, and lead their pursuer to the choicest spots in all outdoors. From the moment when their first fiddle-heads begin to uncoil in the warmth of April to the mid-winter thaws which expose the evergreen fronds of Christmas fern and polypody, they light the woods. The amateur botanist delights in them because he knows that at most he may find some thirty-odd species about his home, and familiarity with them all is within the range of amateur possibilities. Mr. Tilton has been collecting ferns for fifty years, and reading the fern-books as they appeared from decade to decade. From one out-of-print book he has culled a key to the ferns, from another a calendar of their time of fruiting, from a third its best photographs. To these he has added a set of descriptions, a few of his own filicological reminiscences, a bibliography with sketches of the men who have written on ferns, and made a book which fern-lovers will want to own.

From the Deep of the Sea. By Charles Edward Smith. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Dr. Smith has edited the diary of his father who was surgeon on the whaling ship Diana on her disastrous voyage in 1886-1887. Stefansson tells us that the Arctic is not a land of peril. These mariners were not equipped with his ability to live off the country. The Diana was caught in the ice-pack and the dreaded Arctic night closed around them. The surgeon felt it was his duty to inspire the men. His voluminous diary was a necessary outlet for his emotions. He wrote with an affecting simplicity. This account of the death of Captain Grenville is the equal of any chapter in Melville. He felt it necessary to hide from his patients the fact that they were afflicted with scurvy. He disguised the taste of the lime-juice which was his only preventive with other medicines. He knew that the trouble the men had with their teeth was a symptom of this disease, but he attributed it to smoking tea-leaves. The doctor was glad when he did not succeed in shooting a polar bear, because he believed in the Eskimo superstition that its meat was unhealthy. This story out of the past is one which adds to human dignity.

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International Relations Section

Gandhi's Life in Prison

SARJYUT SHANKERLAL, a fellow-prisoner of Mahatma Gandhi, has contributed to *Young India* of Bombay an account of the Indian leader's life in the Yeravda jail, from which the following is extracted:

Material Comforts

So far as material comforts are concerned, there is very little to be said. From my own personal experience I can say that I was kindly and courteously treated by the immediate prison authorities from the two superintendents down to the jailers and wardens. We were given the food we asked for. The doors of our cells were kept open. It was necessary for Mahatma Gandhiji because of his life-long habit of sleeping out in the open and for me because of my nerves. We were allowed an unlimited supply of books also from outside. Later, for health reasons, we were both of us allowed lights and bedsteads, and recently Mahatma Grandhiji has been allowed the use of a mosquito curtain, because of the trouble of mosquitoes during the season. We had all the clothing and bedding we needed, and we were given the choice, if we so pleased, to have our bedding also from outside. We were allowed to do hand-spinning on our own wheels as a voluntary occupation.

Mahatma in Good Health

Mahatma Grandhiji is keeping very good health. While in prison we heard that there were stories abroad of his ill health and melancholia. He was hurt to hear about this. He said he would feel ashamed if he suffered from melancholia. He further said that a civil resister who would feel moody if he had to go to prison has no business to court imprisonment or do anything that would bring it on to him. He must be prepared to treat prison as his home, if he values his country's liberty above everything else. He added that if he ever fell ill, it would not be on account of any lack of attention on the part of the prison authorities, but because of his own carelessness or some inherent weakness in his constitution. He is taking all reasonable care of his health.

The Dark Side of the Picture

So much for the bright side of the picture. It has, I am sorry to say, a dark side, too. While animal comforts are well looked after, he is mentally starved. The allowance of books is no doubt a very great comfort but the unnecessary isolation imposed upon him is severely felt by him. Immediately after our admission to the Yeravda Prison, I was taken away from him. We reached there about 5 p. m. We had some fruits with us. Even these were not allowed. Things, however, improved the next morning. But we never expected to be separated. Mahatmaji pleaded that I was suffering from nerves and his company would help to soothe me; but all to no purpose. He has given a graphic description of this in his letter to Hakim Ajmalkhanji, which the Government would not send for that reason. He makes mention therein of Messrs. Deshpande and Verumal who were in the prison at that time. After about two months' separation I was sent back to him, and I rendered such humble service as I was capable of. He needs oil massage every evening but he would not have it from any but friends. Whilst my being with him may perhaps have been soothing, the isolation from other prisoners remained and still remains till this day. It is so utterly unnecessary. The other ordinary prisoners are not isolated unless they are bad characters. Mahatma Gandhi therefore rightly regards this as an additional punishment.

The present superintendent, though a strict disciplinarian, would place all political prisoners in a separate block, but the Government would not listen to it. Till recently all the other political prisoners used to take their meals together, and hold conversation whilst under supervision. The authorities have now separated them—for no cause given by them, so far as I know—and have stopped all conversation.

Letter to Hakimji Not Forwarded

I may here mention that as the Government would not forward his letter addressed to Hakimji unless he agreed to omit passages objected to by Government, even though they bore directly upon the treatment meted out to him, he has refused to avail himself of the right of every prisoner to write and receive a letter once every three months.

And there was the danger, too, of his doing the same with the right of seeing friends and relatives. For some time he was allowed to see two friends and three relatives at the interviews, and the conversation at those interviews was limited to non-political matters. But it seems, last December, Hakim Ajmalkhanji, Pundit Motilal Nehru, and Mr. Manganlal Gandhi, one of his nephews, were among the proposed visitors, and all the three applications were refused. Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. Chhanganlal Gandhi, who were granted permission, did not avail themselves of it that time.

Mahatma's Warning

While I am making this statement I am conscious of the warning given by Mahatma Gandhi that there should be no befogging of the main issue, nor does he want any agitation for any special concessions. He is fighting out for what he considers to be rights of prisoners. He holds that civil resisters when they go to prison are like prisoners of war and they may and should fight for their rights in a becoming manner. Whether the Government treats them, when they take charge of them as prisoners, as human beings requiring mental as well as material food or merely as animals like cattle requiring only physical comforts, makes no difference in the attitude of the civil resisters who have to bear their lot cheerfully in prison.

Flogging of Mulshi Prisoners

The other day we came to learn that five Mulshi Petha men were flogged for doing short task. We were horrified to think that men could be flogged for doing short task. Mahatma Gandhiji took this seriously to heart and immediately wrote to the superintendent, offering in the name of humanity to speak to these two men and if they claimed to be Satyagrahis to persuade them to work to the utmost of their capacity. The Government thanked him for the offer but would not accept a prisoner's assistance even if it resulted in the avoidance of flogging. The refusal, as it is, is only a minor affair. The main question is whether there should be flogging for short task or even refusal to work. The public may not be knowing that the authorities have other punishments open to them. There is the penal diet, gunny clothing, simple fetters, bar fetters, standing handcuffs, etc.

No Public or Private Message

The public would be naturally anxious to know about Mahatma Gandhiji's present political views. He was at first inclined to give a public message and several private ones. He started the discussion, but he suddenly stopped and would not give any. He felt that as a prisoner he had no right to send any public messages. Coming to private messages, he would want not to omit a single friend, and that was well-nigh impossible. Thus I have no messages from Mahatma Gandhiji, either private or public, but I can say that his views have undergone no change in any single particular. He swears by non-violence, Charkha, Hindu Moslem unity, and the removal of untouchability. He spins regularly every day for four hours, unless his eyes do not permit him. He reads largely religious books, chiefly the Gita and the Upanishads. He has read the Koran and he is now re-reading the Bible. He has asked me to send him all the Vedas and the Puranas with translations and he intends to study them

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Labor Defense Council

FRANK P. WALSH, Chief Counsel for the Defendants

NATIONAL OFFICE

FEDERATION OF LABOR BUILDING

165 W. Washington Street

Chicago, Ill.

"For the defense of the Michigan Criminal Syndicalist defendants prosecuted at the instance of the Federal Secret Service in its drive against organized labor."
"To carry on in connection with the legal defense, a campaign against all infringements upon the right of free speech, free press and freedom of assemblage and all measures restricting the rights of the workers."

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OPEN LETTER TO LIBERTY LOVING AMERICANS

If you have followed the cases of William Z. Foster and C. E. Ruthenberg in St. Joseph, Mich., we believe that you will agree with us that a more out and out free speech fight has never been fought in the American courts. The conditions for this fight were almos perfect,--the charge, not of overt acts committed, but merely of "Assemblage"; the defendants willing to meet and fight the issue squarely; the attorneys for the defense willing to defend the issue without apology for the principles of their clients; a labor movement while not entirely united, still interested and militant enough to give the defense the greatest support that has ever been given in a similar case.

Had the Ruthenberg case ended in any way other than conviction the fight would, in the largest sense, have been completely won. Now, however, the struggle must be continued through the higher courts and in the case of a defeat there carried on in the trial court again for the defense of the other men and women involved.

So far, more than 95% of the financial support which made the defense possible has come direct from the labor movement. The labor movement took the responsibility and so far has most generously responded to it. Up until now almost no appeal for funds has been made to anyone not directly connected with the labor movement and as a result very little money has been received from that source.

Now, however, with the principal field of activity removed from the public notice to the chambers of the Michigan Supreme Court, it has become increasingly difficult to secure the necessary continued financial support.

We therefore take the opportunity to appeal to those, who although not connected with the labor movement, have nevertheless taken up cudgels for Civil Liberties. To the end that the Michigan defense be successful and thus gain an important victory for Civil Liberties throughout the country, we solicit your early and generous financial assistance.

Very sincerely yours,

LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL

Robert M. Buck, Chairman

Moritz J. Loeb, Secretary

Labor Defense Council
166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed you will find $_____as my contribution to the defense fund in the Michigan cases to help carry the Ruthenberg case to a successful appeal.

Name_____ Address_____

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in the original. He religiously devotes one hour to Urdu and hopes to carry on correspondence with his Mohammedan friends in Urdu. He rises early in the morning at the stroke of four and begins his day with Ashram prayer and ends it similarly, that is, with the Ashram prayer. He is firmly convinced that the salvation of India is impossible unless hand-spinning becomes universal; for without that industry it is impossible to get rid of the growing pauperism of the millions of this land, and without getting rid of that, India cannot regain or rediscover her soul.

Chileans Condemn "Yankee Justice"

ON the day when the steamship bearing the delegation from the United States to the Pan-American Conference reached Valparaiso a general strike was called in that city by the Industrial Workers of the World in protest against "Yankee Justice." The following resolutions against the confinement of political prisoners in the United States were passed:

The Chilean workers, members of the I.W.W., assembled in a public meeting, resolve to make known to the United States Government through the president of the fifth Pan-American Congress the most ardent wishes of the members of this body that all our comrades today languishing in the bastilles of North America for the "crime" of expressing their pacifist opinions at the beginning of the last war be set free immediately. And especially we demand the freedom of those two martyrs of this age, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

We do not forget, Honorable President of the Pan-American Congress, that under one excuse or another the barbarous justice of America has jailed and sentenced workers in your country for the simple reason that they were militants in the ranks of labor.

Therefore it is our duty to make it known through you to the Hon. Mr. Harding that we will not stop at anything in the campaign against Yankee justice, and it may happen that in order to condemn by every means at our disposal the arbitrary and despotic law of your country we may have to tie up that commerce which has so promising a future in this small but prosperous corner of the earth. We hope that our cry for justice will be heard by the good people of the great democratic republic of North America.

With best wishes to the president and all members of the Pan-American Congress.

EMILIO MEZA, General Secretary
SANTIAGO FLORES, for the Marine Transport Workers
PORFIRIO SOTO, for the General Confederation

Tyranny in American Samoa

A READER of *The Nation* has sent a letter received by him from a man who recently visited American Samoa. Conditions there, under Navy rule, are pictured as follows:

After twenty-two years of American occupation Samoa can boast of one mile of decent road, one respectable school building, one disinterested American teacher, the medical dispensaries for 9,000 people on four islands, and constant robbing and exploitation by a small clique of petty grafters supposed to represent the great American nation in the islands.

My wife and I took a trip to Samoa this past summer and by constant living and talking with the natives acquired a personal knowledge of their ambitions and desires such as no governor ever has or ever will acquire during his two years of office.

There are sixteen chiefs now doing from five to seven years at hard labor who were sentenced for offenses which would be laughed at in any civilized court in the world.

I tried to put some of the beautiful hand-made Samoan articles on the market here when I returned, to enable them to obtain a fair price for their labor and have a little money for a few little luxuries which any human being craves. But no! As I suspected, they are not allowed to ship them to me, as I am suspected of sympathizing with them. They have no way of making a cent, except by working like slaves for the governor at $1 a day, or cutting copra and packing it to town on their backs and receiving 2½ cents a pound for it. They sent $180 of hard-earned money and seven letters back by us, and for that enormous crime three chiefs lost their jobs and two whole villages were confined within their limits for weeks.

So now if two or more Samoans are found talking together about Samoan affairs they are sent to jail. And remember, in spite of newspaper reports to the contrary, there has *never* been any violence in American Samoa. They have had every excuse, but are so kindly and forgiving that they go on from bad to worse government, hoping and trusting for better conditions.

They listened with doubt and incredulity when I told them of the way the so-called civilized peoples went out and butchered their brothers by the millions in the late war. Also the way the majority of the civilized peoples seemed to think of nothing but chasing dollars. Practically all Samoans are Christians, but even before Christianity came they loved and respected their father and mother, and all members of the family worked in harmony together and shared alike. They are so generous that they will hardly keep a present if they can possibly share it with someone.

Life in the Virgin Islands

THE following is from the *Emancipator* (St. Thomas, Virgin Islands) of May 23:

Natives may not use fire-arms without a license, but on Sunday last a marine, in the uniform of this Great Republic, fired a shot at a boy (native). We cannot say whether it was done with intent to scare, kill, or wound. Rumor says the boy pitched a few pebbles at a cat, which to our mind was no business of this warrior. An altercation followed and while the boy ran off the sentry fired the shot which lodged into the walls of the Council's office. The hole is about one inch.

This brave feat was done not in the land of the Huns but under the Stars and Stripes in the sunny Virgin Isles which form a part of the rich, energetic, and progressive domain of Uncle Sam.

Our New Telephone Call

The telephone call of The Nation *has been changed to Whitehall 7730. Our friends will find it convenient to make a memorandum of this pending the publication of a new telephone directory.*

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